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## REVIEWS

*Fifteen Months' Pilgrimage through untrudened tracts of Khuzistân and Persia in a Journey from India to England, &c.* By J. H. Stocqueler, Esq. 2 vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

THESE are two light trifling volumes, that may be run pleasantly over between breakfast and dinner. The writer's original intention on leaving India, was to reach England by a beaten track as early as possible. He had, however, hardly set foot in Persia, before the breaking out of the plague disarranged his plans, and he was obliged to travel through parts of Khuzistân and Irân, which had not before been trodden by Europeans; this induced him to make careful observation; the advantages which he imagined might be derived from opening a trade with the Asiatic provinces on the Black Sea, led to further consideration and attention; and the accident of reaching Europe at the close of the Polish war, and the meeting casually with the illustrious Polish Exile, Skryznecki, were circumstances which, combined, led him to make public this unpretending narrative of his unsought adventures. Our first extract will be a sketch of Bussorah, on the reported approach of the plague.

"On my arrival at Bussorah, I took up my quarters at the residency; and after a refreshing bath strolled through the town. But what a change had been effected in seven short days! Intelligence of the approach of the plague had spread consternation throughout the city, and had sent thousands of its inhabitants into retreat. The shops were closed—trade at a stand—the streets deserted—houses tenantless—the oft busy creek had scarcely a boat moving on its surface—the mosques were filled with the dismayed Moslems, whom poverty or self-interest had kept in the town—the Christian churches held the few Armenians and Chaldeans whom fear had driven to pray with sincerity. Here might be seen a cluster of Zobeir Arabs, meditating rapine; and there a straggling Jew, ruminating on the losses he had sustained by the flight of the panic-stricken slaves of his usury.

"Aga Pharseigh had lost all his confidence and self-sufficiency. He had sent off his family to Bushire; he was himself to sink into the humble office of clerk to the resident; and he was (which he esteemed the most distressing event of the three) to encounter face to face those who had just left the 'city of the plague.' I had told him of the circumstances under which I had met the resident, and that there were three cases of plague on board. The Armenian, whose only notions regarding cases were acquired in the course of his mercantile transactions, and who believed a plague case and a six dozen champagne case to be much about the same article, ejaculated, 'Three cases of plague! Merciful heavens!—if the major wanted to preserve such abominable virus, could he not have brought a smaller quantity? Three cases! If

it should run out, how it might spread about the town!"

The brief history of an adventurer, from whom Mr. Stocqueler received some kindness, is worth recording here.

"Nicolas, or Saheb Khan Nicolas, (for so he styled himself, by virtue of a firman from Futeh Ali Shah,) was a native of Corfu, acknowledging an English sire and a Greek mother. He had passed his earliest youth in nautical pursuits in the Archipelago; subsequently got a commission in a Sicilian regiment, when Lord William Bentinck was in Sicily; had visited England as a dealer in Grecian antiquities, (a Lord Elgin on a small scale;) then entered the Persian army, as an officer acquainted with European tactics, and finished by joining the Bactrian mountaineers and becoming a leader of hordes. For good services rendered the Prince of Oologerte Berugia, Nicolas was named governor of Shuster; but political convulsions had unseated my friend, and he was obliged to seek the countenance of the sheikh of the Chabeans."

### Taking Coffee at Behuan.

"I was honoured with a few visits of ceremony from mine host and his aristocratic acquaintance, who seemed much diverted with the difference between their customs and dress, and those which they observed in me. The Khans and Meerzas of Behuan are considerable consumers of coffee, but not after the fashion of Turks, Arabs, or Europeans. It is with them a kind of *bon-bon* eaten in a powdered and roasted state, without having had any connexion with hot water. When Meer Goolam Hussein called on me, he was always accompanied by his coffee-bearer, who carried about the fragrant berry in a *snuff-box*, and handed it frequently to the company present. The first time it was brought to me, deceived by its colour and quality, and strengthened in the delusion by its singular repository, I took a *pinch* of the coffee and applied it to my nose, amidst the roars of laughter and looks of surprise of all the party."

Mr. Stocqueler's route now lay through a *terra incognita*, and is proportionably interesting; but it is not possible for us to give more than an occasional brief passage. When passing the Bactrian mountains, he observes:

"Between *Behukan* and the luxurious town of *Simiroon*, which is built on the side of a stupendous rock, and abounds in springs of delicious water, there is not a single modern building of any note. The mountaineers generally live under the shade of trees, in hollow caverns, in black tents, or occasionally shelter themselves under wicker screens. In two places, however, they, and their flocks and herds, tenant the ruins of towns, which once must have enjoyed considerable importance, and justify the inference that the mountains have not always been the resort of brigands only. Elegant mosques, baths, caravanserais, and palaces of incredible extent, attest the ancient grandeur and importance of *DEIDASS* (situated within a pleasant vale,) while similar *débris*, though on a smaller scale, indicate the former consequence of *Sadaat*. The latter town was, during my

short stay, undergoing some repair and fortification. A powerful chieftain had obtained (or assumed) the government of the place, and calling himself a *syud*, declared his right to a considerable sum, in the shape of tolls or gom-ruck, which my party were not in a condition to resist paying. The immediate neighbourhood of *Sadaat* is remarkable for extensive plantations of vines, the produce of which is sent to Shiraz, to be employed in the manufacture of wine."

### Again—

"Amongst the various flowers which adorn this earthly paradise the rose is abundant and of a mild fragrance. It is, however, very small,—smaller than the wild rose of Great Britain, and less odiferous. The same inferiority in size, beauty, and smell, is likewise apparent in the cultivated rose—the far-famed *gûl* of the Persian gardens. One morning, while at breakfast at Bushire, a servant of the residency brought to us a small nosegay as a *peshcush*, or present, the flowers composing which were the first of the season. Amongst them was a rose, but of such small dimensions, that I was tempted to inquire whether the rose of Persia—the fabled favourite of the bulbul—was not generally considered brilliant and of powerful scent? I think Captain Hennell then told me, that so far from the notion being correct, the flower was there so insignificant, though the trees were large, that it required at least two hundred thousand of them to make one ounce of *attar-gûl*—Anglicé, attar of roses."

With an abridged account of an adventure among these mountains, and a sketch of the character of the mountaineers, we must conclude—at least for the present.

"The lawless character of the *Fileah* and *Buctarian* tribes, the chief inhabitants of the mountains, has long furnished a theme for the Persian traveller, and has formed the chief, if not the only, impediment to an earlier exploration of their retreat. It is certainly beyond question that any one venturing into the mountains without the protection of a *rackum* from the *Begler Beg* of *Behuan*, or a *firman* from the *Schah*, would run great risk of personal violence; but armed with passports from both authorities, his safety will not be compromised, provided he comports himself with temper and discretion, and freely enters into the humour of the people. Out of pure wantonness and silly bravado, some of the mountaineers were wont to threaten me with injury, but they never attempted to carry their threats into execution until we had left the town of *Simiroon*. To the south of this place we were within the limits of the *Begler Beg's* influence, and as we regularly paid the tribute here and there exacted, we suffered no molestation, but on the contrary, experienced as much hospitality and attention as their paucity of means and the deficiency of culture enabled the tribes to show. Four phar-saghs north-east of *Simiroon*, however, in a district where the people only acknowledge fealty to the *Schah*, we experienced one of those 'disastrous chances' which render travellers very interesting personages in books and by family fire-sides, but which in actual experience

are anything but agreeable. In short, we were attacked and robbed. \* \* \*

"We had left the woody portions of the mountains behind us, and had entered upon one of those extensive undulating wastes which distinguish the more level portions of Iran. The day was sultry and the ride tedious. We believed we had got fairly out of all chance of danger, and had ceased to observe that order of march, exhibiting a concentration of force, which had hitherto seemed best adapted to our security. We were straggling at short distances from one another, my servant in the van, and were just on the point of ascending a little eminence, when a horseman, splendidly attired suddenly appeared on the summit, and discharging a pistol in the air, as a signal of attack, dashed down the hillock, followed by several others. "The shepherds fled for safety and for succour,"—*saave qui pent* was the order of the day. In a few seconds, however, they rallied, and a sharp skirmish ensued, which ended in the whole of my party being discomfited, then driven together like so many sheep, their eyes bandaged, their hands tied behind them and their persons rifled. Of my own share in the transaction it is unnecessary to say more than that though I took as active a share in the distribution of blows as my companions, no personal violence was offered to me on the part of the assailants, and I was merely robbed of everything valuable I possessed.

"As soon as the brigands had secured the victory and bound the 'true men,' they rode up to me while I was standing at a distance watching the progress of events, and discharging their pieces in the air, called out, '*Hakeem Sahab, bisheen*,' 'Sir Doctor, sit down'—a kind of half-mandate, half-request which I could not decline complying with. Besides I was rather fatigued. They then blindfolded me, drove the mules and horses up a hill, and taking with them one of the defeated party, (a merchant who had joined my escort a few days previously, with a small caravan of merchandize,) they desired him to point out the 'Ingreze's' property: this he readily did; upon which they proceeded to cut to pieces my *khoordis* or travelling bags, and to empty them of the money, silk handkerchiefs, knives, razors, spoons, blankets, and other useful little articles they contained.

"They finished by thrashing *Hajee Moolta Mahomed Shaffa*, the merchant, until the poor fellow could scarcely stand, by way of testifying their gratitude for his officious zeal, and then galloped off to narrate their exploits to their friends and to divide the spoil."

The second volume is much less valuable, although the meeting with Skryzneeki, and the account of his adventures, is not without interest.

*The Bengal Annual, a Literary Keepsake for 1831.* Edited by D. L. Richardson. Calcutta: Smith & Co.

THERE is very little of a provincial air about this handsome volume: the printing is good, so is the paper: the arrangement would do credit to one grown grey in the London market; and the commodities of prose and verse resemble in quality the materials of our own periodicals. There are really many sweet poems, pretty stories, and clever sketches in this book of the east; and yet we are much afraid of its success in a market where embellishment is the order of the day, and a work of this kind, no more than a lady, can come safely abroad unadorned. We have all along been of opinion, that the quality of the literature in the yearly over-

flow of Annuals, is less material to their success than is the excellence of their engravings: verse and prose recommend them, but the prints sell them. 'The Bengal Annual' must stand by the force of its literature alone; and few, we are afraid, of our own, could survive under such circumstances. In truth, the very nature of these beautiful volumes is alien to all boldness, and vigour, and originality: authors know that their verses and stories are for scented hands and delicate sensibilities, and write accordingly: hence, except a few songs, or such small matters, the Annuals contain little that is likely to survive the season. We would advise Mr. Richardson to avail himself of the fine scenes, picturesque costume, and strange people of the land which he has adopted. Whatever is new, is considered interesting here; and we have no doubt of his being able to make, next season, a volume which, both in its art and its literature, will do him honour. As it has been his pleasure to send his progeny into the world without paint on the face, or jewels on the hands, we must examine, and speak accordingly.

There are many pretty verses by the Editor; some sweet and natural ones by Miss Roberts; and strains of all kinds by other contributors, civil and military;—in truth, these Eastern minstrels are skilful in the "art unteachable, untaught." Not the least melodious and pleasing are the lines by Sir John Malcolm:—

#### *The Sisters.*

In Olympia see manners and mildness combin'd,  
Grace plays on each feature, truth dwells in her mind;  
With feminine softness each bosom she warms,  
And by goodness she keeps what she wins by her charms.

By her kindness and love all around her are blest,  
And her house, like her heart, is a mansion of rest.  
Her sister, young Charlotte, with soul light as air,  
To each guile is a stranger, and cheerful as fair;  
With spirit delightful she joins in life's throng,  
By innocence guarded she cannot go wrong;  
'Tis the absence of art gives her freedom and grace;  
'Tis the pureness of heart gives the smiles to her face.  
Like two tints in a picture, these sisters we view,  
Though the shades are distinct, yet they blend in the hue;

For the colour of virtue, as lasting as bright,  
Is spread o'er the whole, and makes each part unite.

Nor has Mr. Richardson been less successful in his sonnets than formerly:—

#### *Written at Sea.*

The plain of Ocean 'neath the crystal air  
Its azure bound extends—the circle wide  
Is sharply clear—contrasted hues divide  
The sky and water. Clouds, like hills that wear  
The winter's snow-wrought mantle, brightly fair,  
Rest on the main's blue marge.—As shadows glide  
O'er dew-decked fields, the calm ship seems to slide  
O'er glassy paths that catch the noon-tide glare  
As if bestrown with diamonds. Quickly play  
The small crisp waves that musically break  
Their shining peaks;—and now, if aught can make  
Celestial spirits wing their downward way,  
Methinks they glitter in the proud sun's wake,  
And breathe a holy beauty on the day!

The strains of Miss Emma Roberts are equally, if not more attractive:—

#### *Written in a Pavilion of the Rambaugh.*

Fresh are thy roses—beautiful retreat—  
As when, in other days, your tangled shades  
Sheltered from noon-tide's enervating heat,  
The Hours forms of Agre's loveliest maids.  
Blue are thy waters, Jumná, as of yore—  
When regal beauties sought thy grottoed caves,  
And trod, with jewelled feet, thy sun-kissed shore,  
And laughing bathed within thy sparkling waves.—  
Yon flashing river, and yon orient flowers  
Which decked the spot where Acbar's daughters  
ranged;  
The clustering foliage of these summer bowers,  
Are all, alas! that still remain unchanged.  
Crumbling to dust, see each fair chamber fall,  
Where, in the glory of her monarch's reign,  
The beautiful, the peerless Noormahal,  
Added, each day, fresh links to love's soft chain.

Scene of her brightest triumphs, here, perchance,  
Sharing an emperor's power with his throne,  
Her heart's deep-seated bliss found utterance  
In those glad tones which spring from joy alone.

Had we not already filled the space allotted for quotation, we should have found a companion for the following clever prose picture:

#### *The Picture of the Virgin.*

"The pious virgin, Sarah Bugle, spoke frequently, out of pure fear and love of God, of her approaching end, and her longing for the celestial Jerusalem and the godly bridegroom; yet though she was dying every day, she, poor delicate creature, condescended to live, and oftener thought of an earthly bridegroom, as even sensible people have sometimes silly things running in their heads. We have not always the command of our own thoughts. True, that since her forty-fifth year, she solemnly declared she would never marry; still sometimes she had a maiden weakness, particularly when a good-looking widower teased her, or when a bachelor passed her window more than once a day with a friendly salute. 'This man has some design upon me—that is quite clear,' thought she. 'Well, time brings roses. We certainly ought never to forswear anything.' If it is to be so,—God's will be done! I am just now in my ripest age! My namesake in the Old Testament was eighty years of age at the christening of her first child. I am still in my bloom. If I were yet to marry, it would not be a *Blue Wonder*!"

"The prayer book dropped from her hands in her lap, when she thus soliloquized aloud; sure enough she took it up again, when she thought she was observed. At last she gave credit to every man's having some sinister views on her virginal person, and after full thirty years that such fantasies crossed her brain, she conceived every unmarried man to be her secret adorer, and every one that married, as having committed towards her a gross infidelity.

"Now it is clear why, with an implacable animosity, she gave vent to her anger against every new marriage, and why she was so lavish in her abuse of man in general.

"Several godly old maids, her usual companions, assisted her faithfully in her pious work to spy out whatever transpired in the town. Over their tea, every new dress of their neighbours, every marriage, every christening, and every scandal, was canvassed in a truly edifying and conscientious way. Considering the amiable qualities of the virgin, her piety and usurious zeal, it may be easily conceived why, with the exception of the aforesaid old maidens, and her four nephews, who waited for inheritance, every one kept at a distance from her."

What we like most in the volume are those eastern stories,—too long to extract entire,—which have come to the editor from all quarters of India: we look upon them as records of manners, and feelings, and customs of a strange and extraordinary people. They awaken new emotions, and excite a desire to know the land more fully, and become acquainted with its hordes. The 'Persian Sketches' of Sir John Malcolm, which were only so many extracts from his memorandum books, are models of that kind of composition. An Annual wholly of an eastern character, we therefore earnestly recommend: it would at least suit our market, whatever it might do in India.

#### *The Visit.* London, 1832. Fraser.

[Second Notice.]

THE prepossessions in favour of this beautiful little work are increased by an exceedingly tasteful preface, in which the fair author states, that this, her first attempt, was written to beguile the tedious and melancholy of a

slow recovery from illness; and, with that reliance on the better feelings of others, which is the characteristic of amiable minds, she throws herself on the forbearance and good-nature of her critics.

Under such circumstances it is impossible for the most hardened of our ungentle craft to enter upon the perusal of this lady-like volume, without relaxing the brow of criticism, and sympathising in a gallant spirit with the amiable feelings of the writer. Still more prepossessed will the reader be in favour of the work, after the perusal of the first chapter, where he will find an English baronial residence, its ample park and tasteful ruralities, with the quaint pomp of its aristocratic inmates, described with simplicity and truth. For the sake of such as delight in these small matters, we shall give the following characteristic specimen,—the writer is speaking of the interior of the mansion.

"I must in this place introduce some description of the principal sleeping apartments of the Castle. They opened from an oaken gallery, which went round two sides of the building. The walls of each were hung with Indian paper; and the curtains and bed-furniture were composed of the handsomest chintz: the dressing-rooms annexed to each had every luxury and comfort for the purpose. One side commanded an extensive range of country: the other looked upon the garden, on which side my room was situated, as I much preferred a home-view. Besides, a rich and musky gale was wafted to my windows from a luxuriant bed of lilies of the valley, morning and evening, that refreshed my senses and delighted my imagination. Think of opening one's window with the balmy air from a thousand flowers breathing around, the first thing on a fine budding spring morning! and then think of doing the same in a London street!"

We have often read more ambitious descriptions in the high-seasoned fashionable novels, but the luxury of this quiet scene comes fresh upon us. What would we not give to be this instant throwing open a window overlooking such a country, and inhaling one breath of balmy air perfumed by the lilies of the valley beneath Clairville Castle!

The same minuteness of description and simplicity of thought, mark the notice of every person and thing which this lady encounters during her country visit; but we regret to add, that, for lack of experience, these descriptions at times sink into something like flatness and tedium. That, however, of the harmless and pompous old Earl and his family, proceeding to church on Sunday morning in their huge ark of a vehicle, "drawn by four long-tailed black horses," and under the management of the portly and respectable old coachman, in flaxen wig and cocked hat, the rear brought up by Mr. Jameson, my lord's gentleman, dignified by black silk breeches and silver buckles, and bearing under his arm the huge prayer-book with brass clasps, for the no less pompous Mrs. Price, the housekeeper, who walked by his side, reminded us, as they entered the village church-yard, of Addison's inimitable picture of Sir Roger De Coverley and his family, in the same circumstances; and the remark, that, on going into church, the party observed that the men took off their hats and hung them against the sides of their respective pews, and that "honest Joe Robson," the parish clerk, appeared under the pulpit in a grey coat decorated

with large white metal buttons, and wore a nosegay in his breast, "in which was introduced a yellow marigold by way of distinction," may be considered as a clever characteristic of the style which this lady has adopted.

The romantic part of the volume, which indeed includes the whole of the story, though written evidently with great care, is less to our taste. The interest consists mainly in circumstances connected with an equestrian exhibition by three Indian chiefs, which takes place on the lawn in front of the castle, at a fête given on the birth-day of Lord Fancourt, the Earl's son. A melancholy lady lives at a cottage near the castle, about whom there is of course a mystery. This lady lost a son in his infancy, which is the cause of her sorrow. The youngest of the "warriors" who are to exhibit on this auspicious day, is quite a nonpareil of a gentleman, Indian though he be, and "savage" as he is termed, and turns out to be the real hero of the story, and the lost son of the sorrowful lady. As the account of this exhibition is one of the most extractable passages in the tale, we shall give it here.

"All was expectation, with every individual of the company. Lord Fancourt and Mr. Leslie had gone, mounted and equipped, to the great yard, to escort the warriors to the area. At half-past three the gates of the court were thrown open, and first issued forth the two officers—their accoutrements very splendid. The three Indians followed, their horses prancing, champ-ing the bit, and seeming as though they disdained to touch the ground, so spirited and elastic was the tread of their finely-formed hoofs. The steeds were led each by a groom, in the Indian garb; the chiefs themselves having loosened the hold of their bridles, one hand resting on their lance, the other raising the conch to their lips, from which they drew forth sounds, as they advanced, in correct harmony, resembling a slow and wild march.

"Their singular and striking appearance had so original an effect, that the spectators were too much absorbed in their own sensations to evidence them by outward demonstration. The warriors proceeded thus till they stopped at the entrance of the lists; then dropping their conchs, and resuming their bridles, they put themselves in position, advancing to the centre fronting the stand. The chiefs drew up together, and made their salutation by lowering their lances, and bending their eyes slowly along the range of company. Lord Fancourt and his friend stationed themselves on horseback on the outside, each at one end of the lists.

"The first manoeuvres were nearly the same as those which we had previously witnessed in town, gone through, perhaps, with more spirit and energy of action, from the enlarged space, and from the horses feeling more spring to their limbs on the soft elastic turf.

"The first impression of the company was deep and engrossing admiration, at such unexampled dexterity; then a low and increased murmur of approbation went round. At length their trained and practised evolutions came to a close; when the chiefs drew up, as before, in the centre, each warrior bending forward his head and lowering his lance. A loud and vehement expression of applause burst forth; with which the chiefs seemed duly gratified, repeating their acknowledgments. They vaulted from their steeds, and the grooms loosening the bits, led them quietly back and forth on the turf. Meantime, Lord Fancourt and Mr. Leslie dismounted outside, entered the area, and joined the warriors, who were pacing the ground with slow and regulated mien. The youthful Konzas

stepped lightly, but proudly; and the fine lofty lineaments of his countenance claimed admiration from all.

"Even our 'Queen of the May,' with a beam of interest and wonder playing over her sweet face, turned round to Miss Ducie and me, saying, in a whisper,

"How can a savage be so handsome! is it not very odd? Do tell me, dear Miss Ducie."

"I am sure, sweet, it is only in the odious epithet, which always associates something revolting with it; for nothing in the appearance of that noble young chief indicates the 'savage.'"

"Lord Clairville became all bustle and eagerness for the grand exploit he had dwelt so much upon, from the first suggestion of the plan. The warriors intimated to Lord Fancourt, that it was necessary their horses should be perfectly cool before the 'wild gallop' took place;—about a quarter of an hour would suffice for that purpose.

"During the interval, they conversed in the sedate Indian manner, with serene countenances and unmoved muscles, every now and then casting a lustrous but steady glance on the spectators. The mind of every one was too much wound up to admit of desultory conversation; and even Lady Twisdley's tattle was for the moment subdued by eager curiosity.

"In the space of a few moments the conchs were raised, and the same long-drawn tones put forth. The grooms, obeying the signal, halted in the centre of the area, with each a steed in hand, tightened the bits, arranged the bridles, and awaited the approach of the horsemen, who quietly drew near their respective animals. Konzas, being in advance, sprang into the saddle with his accustomed grace and agility, the others following his example: the beautiful creatures appeared immediately to put themselves upon their mettle, gathering up their exquisitely-formed limbs, and fidgeting from one leg to another, as though they would have preferred a flight in the air to treading the heavy earth.

"Konzas drew the reins of his impatient steed, paused a second, then turning his horse, suddenly made a tremendous vault over the lines, rode for a moment in short and rapid circles, as if uncertain of his course, then darted off; after scouring the park, as it appeared, (so great was the velocity,) but for a minute, he was lost to the eye in the opening of the beech-wood on the heights: he soon emerged from another opening in the wood, and galloped like a deer along the skirts of the forest.

"The remaining two chiefs meanwhile continued motionless in the centre, when they also gave a sudden turn, vaulted the lines, and ascended the heights with the same rapidity.

"The Earl was in ecstasies, and with a glass to his eye was minutely watching the various circuits and curvettings the heroes were performing on the hill, as if in mock combat. This we could all perceive distinctly, and the whole attention was directed to what was occurring on the upland. For a moment the party were concealed under the shade, from whence they emerged, and drawing up on the brow of the hill, raised their conchs, and sounded the thrilling war-blast of their people: wood, hill, and dale, rung with the echo, which gradually died away down the valley. The horses, at the top of their speed (the ground being admirably adapted to the finest powers of the animal), then rushed down the hill: the noble black seemed conscious of the advantage, and bore his warlike rider with a loftiness and spirit truly beautiful. They turned all three at the bottom of the declivity abreast, and continuing their course, in a sort of trial of speed, for about half a mile in circuit, returned in a devious and rapid course to the lines. Konzas was foremost, and a shout of delight greeted him. Riding into the centre of the area, and pulling hard with a jerk on the rein, his steed reared his forward



legs into the air, as the rider bent his body in a gesture of salutation, amidst continued applause. Having dismounted from his smoking steed, and the rays of the sun pouring forth intensely at the moment, the young chief threw open his scarlet vest for air, leaning on his lance, as if exhausted; all eyes were instantly riveted upon a medallion suspended from his neck, encircled with diamonds, which sparkled in their brilliancy."

A scream is now raised by the melancholy lady, on the discovery of this medallion; an *éclaircissement* takes place between her and the young warrior, aided by a gipsy woman, who opportunely makes her appearance; and the result is such as romance readers will readily guess. Thus ends a very simple tale and a pretty boudoir book.

#### *The Florentine Brothers, and other Poems.*

By David Hobkirk. Newcastle: Charnley.

ITALY! always Italy, and again Italy! Poets dream, painters paint, and travellers write of Italy, and nothing but Italy: we have annuals of Italy, tours of Italy, histories of Italy, tales of Italy, romances of Italy, and poems of Italy. That painters should go to a land full of fine ruins, and tourists follow the pencil with pen and ink in hand, may be in some degree accounted for; but why poets should go for their heroes and heroines to that country of singers, slaves, and cicisbeos, surpasses all understanding. Now, our Newcastle bard must not imagine, that because we dislike his theme, that we are about to cut up his verses: we have no such intention; in truth, we think many of his strains very sweet and beautiful; they may be accused of being sometimes fuller of words than of meaning—a fault pretty prevalent in these latter days of song. The following passage will justify at once our praise and our censure:—

The sun has poured his last bright beam  
Upon the Arno's waveless stream,  
And, on the purple-tinted sky,  
The herald-streaks of twilight lie.  
Though failing, still light lingers long  
To greet the soft melodious song  
Breathed, in ecstatic numbers, o'er  
The glittering tide and fragrant shore;  
Dark eyes are watching each bright ray  
Pass, slow and silently, away;  
Proud lips repeat the love-taught strain,  
And deem their tasking not in vain,  
Languishing for the moment when  
Responsive chords shall breathe again.  
The night-wind floats o'er slumbering flowers,  
Through balmy groves and perfumed bowers;  
Its course is o'er that lovely tide  
Where Florence reigns in all her pride.  
Cheeks, softly, beautifully fair,  
Greet that cool odour-laden air;  
The lovely, in their bright array,  
Be-gem the gloomy gondola;  
Proud anxious hearts, too, swiftly glide  
Upon the treasure-laden tide,  
And, to their Naads, fervently,  
They pour love's deep idolatry,  
Their votive worship poured, the while,  
To win from love, not heaven, a smile.  
Oh! there is much of heaven's delight  
Borne on the Arno's breast to-night;  
All that the soul can languish for,  
And hover in wild rapture o'er;  
Dark eyes on whose Promethean rays  
'Tis bliss, or wretchedness, to gaze;  
Whose fascinating glances light  
A fire within the powerless heart.

The little poem called 'The Miniature,' has more simplicity and more strength than 'The Florentine Brothers;' 'The Desert Island,' is better than either; it is a tale of true love, and ends with these fine lines:—

These lines are all my records tell  
Of Bryant and his Isabelle—  
Save that 'tis said a fairy song  
I often heard those shores among;

A simple song—a touching air  
Of pathos mingled with despair,  
Whose lingering cadence dies away  
In murmurs with the dying day,  
As if, in that most holy hour,  
Alone it might exert its power.  
It tells how youth and love came thither,  
Without a cloud their hopes to wither—  
(Save when, in some soft tranquil mood,  
They thought upon their solitude,  
And only sighed to touch the strand  
Of their delightful father-land.)  
And how the stranger lady's smile  
Shed radiance round the lonely isle—  
Till shrieks arose upon the air,  
And savage fury battered there—  
And nought remained of what had been,  
For death and darkness closed the scene.  
Then sinks the siren of the wave  
In silence to her coral cave,  
Till sunset o'er the golden main  
Calls forth her mournful air again,  
And makes her sweetly sadly tell  
Of Bryant and his Isabelle.

We advise Mr. Hobkirk to lay the scene of his next poem near Newcastle, and make his characters out of the ladies and gentlemen around; he will find all he wants, without wetting his feet in long excursions.

#### *Personal Sketches of His Own Times.* By Sir Jonah Barrington.

[Second Notice.]

WE had marked down one other anecdote for extract, and it is too good to be lost; but, as we have little room to spare, we shall here give without comment,

##### *A Barrister Besieged.*

Curran and Barrington were on a visit to a clergyman near Carlow, who had invited a party of jovial spirits to meet them. Dinner was appointed for five precisely, as Curran always stipulated for punctuality. The clock struck—the guests were assembled—everything bespoke a joyous banquet—but the Counsellor was not to be found—six, seven came—day departed, and twilight approached, people were sent in every direction, but no tidings of him could be heard, except that he had been seen in the garden at four o'clock.

"Yet every now and then a messenger came in to announce, that 'an old man had seen a counsellor, as he verily believed, walking very quick on the road to Carlow.' Another reported that 'a woman who was driving home her cow met one of the counsellors going leisurely toward Athy, and that he seemed very melancholy; that she had seen him at the 'sices that blessed morning, and the people toiled her it was the great law preacher that was in it.' Another woman who was bringing home some turf from the bog, declared before the Virgin and all the Saints that she saw 'a little man in black with a stick in his hand going toward the Barrow;' and a collough, sitting at her own cabin door feeding the *childer*, positively saw a 'black gentleman going down to the river, and soon afterward heard a great splash of water at the said river; whereupon, she went *hot-foot* to her son, Ned Coyle, to send him thither to see if the gentleman was in the water; but that Ned said, sure enuff nothing natural would be after going at that time of the deep dusk to the place where poor Armstrong's corpse lay the night he was murdered; and he'd see all the gentlemen in the county to the devil (God bless them!) before he'd go to the said place till morning early."

"The matter became too serious to admit of any doubt as to poor Curran having met his catastrophe. I was greatly shocked; our only conjectures now being, not *whether*, but *how*, he had lost his life. As Curran was known every day to strip naked and wash himself all over with a sponge and cold water, I conjectured, as most rational, that he had, in lieu of his usual

ablution, gone to the Barrow to bathe before dinner, and thus unfortunately perished. All agreed in my hypothesis, and hooks and a draw-net were sent for immediately to Carlow, to scour the river for his body. \* \* \*

"It was at length suggested by our reverend host that his great Newfoundland dog, who was equally sagacious, if not more so, with many of the parishioners, and rivalled, in canine proportion, the magnitude of his master, was not unlikely, by diving in the Barrow, to discover where the body lay deposited—and thus direct the efforts of the nets and hookers from Carlow. This idea met with universal approbation; and every body took up his hat, to go down to the river. Mary, a young damsel, the only domestic who remained in the house, was ordered to call Diver, the dog;—but Diver was absent, and did not obey the summons. Every where re-ounded, 'Diver! Diver!' but in vain. \* \* \*

"Mary, the maid, was now desired to search all the rooms and offices for Diver, while we sat pensive and starving in the parlour. We were speedily alarmed by a loud shriek, immediately after which Mary rushed tottering into the room, just able to articulate:—

"O, holy Virgin! holy Virgin! yes, gentlemen! the counsellor is dead, sure enough. And I'll die too, gentlemen! I'll never recover it!" and she crossed herself twenty times over in the way the priest had taught her.

"We all now flocked round, and asked her simultaneously how she *knew* the counsellor was dead?

"Crossing herself again, 'I saw his ghost, please your reverence!' \* \* \*

"Where? where?" cried every body, as if with one breath.

"In the double-bedded room next your reverence's," stammered the terrified girl.

"We waited for no more to satisfy us either that she was mad, or that robbers were in the house: each person seized something by way of a weapon: one took a poker, another a candlestick, a third a knife or fire-shovel, and up stairs we rushed. Only one could go in, conveniently, abreast; and I was among the first who entered. The candles had been forgotten; but the moon was rising, and we certainly saw what, in the opinion of some present, corroborated the statement of Mary. Two or three instantly drew back in horror, and attempted to retreat, but others pressed behind; and lights being at length produced, an exhibition far more ludicrous than terrific presented itself. In a far corner of the room stood, erect and formal, and stark naked (as a ghost should be), John Philpot Curran, one of his Majesty's counsel, learned in the law,—trembling as if in the ague, and scarce able to utter a syllable, through the combination of cold and terror. Three or four paces in his front lay Diver, from Newfoundland, stretching out his immense shaggy carcase, his long paws extended their full length, and his great head lying on them with his nose pointed toward the ghost, as true as the needle to the pole. His hind legs were gathered up like those of a wild beast ready to spring upon his prey. He took an angry notice of the first of us that came near him, growled, and seemed disposed to resent our intrusion;—but the moment his master appeared, his temper changed, he jumped up, wagged his tail, licked the parson's hand, cast a scowling look at Curran, and then a wistful one at his master,—as much as to say, 'I have done my duty, now do you yours:' he looked, indeed, as if he only waited for the word of command, to seize the counsellor by the throttle.

"A blanket was now considerably thrown over Curran by one of the company, and he was put to bed with half a dozen more blankets heaped upon him: a tumbler of hot potsheen punch was administered, and a second worked miracle: the natural heat began to circulate, and he was

in a little time enabled to rise and tell us a story which no hermit even telling his last beads could avoid laughing at. Related by *any one*, it would have been good; but as told by Curran, with his powers of description and characteristic humour, was super-excellent;—and we had to thank Diver, the water-dog, for the highest zest of the whole evening.

"The fact was, that a little while previous to dinner-time, Curran, who had omitted his customary ablution in the morning, went to our allotted bed-chamber to perform that ceremony; and having stripped, had just begun to apply the sponge, when Diver, strolling about his master's premises to see if all was right, placed by chance his paw against the door, which not being fastened, it flew open, he entered unceremoniously, and observing what he conceived to be an extraordinary and suspicious figure, concluded it was somebody with no very honest intention, and stopped to reconnoitre. Curran, unaccustomed to so strange a valet, retreated, while Diver advanced, and very significantly showed an intention to seize him by the naked throat; which operation, if performed by Diver, whose tusks were a full inch in length, would no doubt have admitted an inconvenient quantity of atmospheric air into his oesophagus. He therefore crept as close into the corner as he could, and had the equivocal satisfaction of seeing his adversary advance and turn the meditated *assault* into a complete *blockade*—stretching himself out, and 'maintaining his position' with scarcely the slightest motion, till the counsellor was rescued, and the siege raised.

"Curran had been in hopes that when Diver had satisfied his *curiosity* he would retire; and with this impression, spoke kindly to him, but was answered only by a growl. If Curran repeated his blandishments, Diver showed his long white tusks;—if he moved his foot, the dog's hind legs were in motion. Once or twice Curran raised his hand; but Diver, considering that as a sort of challenge, rose instantly, and with a low growl looked significantly at Curran's windpipe. Curran, therefore, stood like a *model*, if not much like a marble divinity."

## FAMILY LIBRARY.

*The Trials of Charles the First, and of some of the Regicides.*

[Second Notice.]

WE have seen nothing, on a closer examination of this volume, to alter the opinion we last expressed of it. It is crudely compiled, and with a too evident leaning to the royal cause. Whatever may have been the merits or faults of the republican party, the scenes which followed their overthrow and the restoration were, undoubtedly, awful scenes of treachery and persecution. We are not reminded of this in the volume before us,—which would too plainly have us forget the insincere and designing tyrant, in the hardships of the suffering prince. We could as soon forget the murder of Eliot, or the dark business of the Irish Rebellion. The remarks appended to Charles's trial, with the interpolated comment on "poor Bradshaw's" dialogue with the king, are but transcripts of some of Mr. D'Israeli's flights, written in a worse style. With respect to the praises lavished on the composed demeanour of Charles at his trial, and the favourable arguments drawn from it—it seems forgotten, that such reasoning will, in a still stronger degree, justify those who doomed him to die; and indeed, though we would not detract from Charles's claim to equanimity, in that last crisis of his fortunes, we believe that those memorialists, who describe his

restless and "quick eye" and "nimble gestures, turning himself oftentimes about, and casting an eye, not only on those who were on each side of the court, but even on the spectators in the midst of the hall," give us the truest notion of the man, although they detract a little from the accustomed accounts of his almost superhuman composure. Of the abstract right or wrong of an insincere and unjust king brought to judgment by his people—that mightier sovereign,—we do not here offer any opinion: it was certainly a nobler course than any of those secret means of imprisonment or destruction, so often practised on the rulers of despotic states; nor are the celebrated words, used by Lord Orford, in exposing the inconsistency of Lord Anglesey's sitting in judgment on the regicides, with whom he had before acted in open rebellion, without their weight. "If a king," said the courtly Orford, "deserves to be opposed by force of arms, he deserves death. If he reduces his subjects to that extremity, the blood spilt in the quarrel lies on him.

Whatever may be our opinion, however, of the justice of Charles's fate, the treatment of the regicides was, to the last degree, barbarous and inhuman—only worthy of the petty malignity of a government that could order the bodies of Ireton, Cromwell, and Bradshaw, to be dugged out of their graves and hanged at Tyburn; and that took the patriot Pym and the immortal Blake from their tombs in Westminster Abbey, to cast them, with the bodies of the amiable mother and daughter of Cromwell, into one common pit. We alluded, in our last notice, to some of the base hardships endured by the regicides; but we here find no mark of reprobation attached to them,—whilst the few notes appended to the trials, are extremely partial. We certainly believe the motives of the great actors in that remarkable tragedy to have been as free from any charge of petty individual passion, of selfishness, or malignity, as their conduct was uninfluenced to the great deed by any fear of violence from the army. On this latter point, we hold the silence of Ludlow, and the explicit testimony of Mrs. Hutchinson, to be perfectly satisfactory. They were sincere and ardent republicans; mistaken, it might be, in their views, but honest in the prosecution of them, and supported in their day of trial and suffering, beyond almost any men found on record, by that consciousness of rectitude. They were, the great majority of them by birth, and all by education and feeling, what Algernon Sydney well called them, the "true nobility of the country."

The three lives in the volume, of Ireton, Bradshaw, and Harrison, though not drawn up with any show of research, possess considerable interest. We extract a passage from the life of Bradshaw—the account of the last public act of that sincere republican. To him, who had performed the principal part in destroying royalty, it had devolved to make the last expiring protest on behalf of the commonwealth. His was the first, and his the last act of the first English republic. But another noble protest was reserved for him, and even in the weakness of old age he was found not unequal to it.

"We have seen Bradshaw's vehement denunciation of Oliver Cromwell's violent dissolution of the Long Parliament. The last act which

we find of his public conduct was in protesting against a similar military outrage committed by Richard Cromwell's generals and officers on the parliament in his reign. The officers of the army assembled at Wallingford House, presented an address to the house, stating a multitude of grievances, and praying that a commander-in-chief might be appointed immediately,—that no officer might be dismissed without court-martial,—that the Protector's debts might be paid, and his revenue enlarged; and when the parliament were with some vigour and resolution debating on this proceeding, and taking measures for the resistance to the conspiracy of officers, Lambert, Sydenham, and others, at the head of their troops, in spite of opposition from other regiments, invested the house, placed guards at the doors and in the avenues, and prevented the approach of the members. The Speaker was stopped in his coach in Palace Yard by Colonel Dukenfield, compelled to return up Parliament Street, and nearly forced to drive into Wallingford House, where the council of officers sat. He insisted on proceeding, however; and was allowed to go home. Sydenham, one of the Protector's council, attempted to justify this outrageous proceeding at one of its meetings, declaring that they were driven to the measure 'by a particular call of the Divine Providence.' But the Lord President Bradshaw, who was present, 'though by long sickness very weak, and much attenuated, yet animated by his ardent zeal and constant affection to the common cause, upon hearing those words stood up, and interrupted him, declaring his abhorrence of that detestable action, and telling the Council, that being now going to his God, he had not patience to sit there to hear his great name so openly blasphemed; and, therefore, departed to his lodgings, and withdrew himself from public employment.' He did not live many days; dying on the 22d of November, 1659, of a quartan ague, from which he had suffered more than a year. He was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. His body was disinterred, with those of Cromwell and Ireton, at the Restoration, and exposed on a gibbet at Tyburn, and then thrown into a pit."

We have only, in conclusion, to express our surprise, that no allusion is made in this life, to Bradshaw's relationship to Milton. It seems to us a fact by no means unimportant, in the history of both of these great men. The evidence on which it rests is perfectly satisfactory, being that of the brother of the poet, Christopher Milton, who was a judge under James the Second, and not likely to feel flattered by the alliance. He states his mother to have been a Bradshaw. Wood, in his 'Athenæ Oxonienses' confirms it, and yet the biographers persist in asserting her name to have been Sarah Caston, on the very uncertain authority of the inaccurate Edward Phillips. Mr. Godwin seemed to have set the matter beyond a doubt, in his work on the 'Nephews of Milton'; and more recently in his great work on the 'Commonwealth'; but the most recent biographer of the poet (Mr. Mitford), as well as the author of the volume before us, persist in an unaccountable silence about a circumstance which certainly illustrates, in an interesting view, the close connexion so remarkably evident between the fortunes of Milton and Bradshaw.

*An Historical Sketch of Sanscrit Literature.*  
Oxford: Talboys.

THE recent foundation of a Professorship of Sanscrit in the University of Oxford, naturally gave an additional impulse to the curiosity

of the learned respecting that interesting language; but, though our countrymen had the start of the continental scholars in the early cultivation of Sanscrit literature, they have been long since distanced by the more laborious Germans; and a guide for students existed not in our language, when the able translator of Heeren undertook to supply the deficiency. Though this manual has been based on Adelung's work, it far surpasses the meagre original, both in the accuracy and extent of the information it affords. The only fault we can discover, and it is one that for its rarity may be excused, is, that the translator is a little too diffident. Gladly should we have seen some additional specimens of the translations that have been made from the Sanscrit both in England and on the continent, for the few that have been given evince great taste and sound judgment. The work is the best bibliographical guide to the students of Sanscrit that exists in any language, nor is it altogether destitute of attractions for the general reader; but a few additional extracts from the Sanscrit drama, and from the poets and fabulists, would certainly have greatly extended the sphere of its interest. Chézy's *Discourse on Sanscrit Literature* has made the study of the language popular in France; and if the attention of our countrymen were once directed to the great and varied riches of that literature, we trust that a similar effect would be produced in England. It is with great pleasure we learn incidentally, that Heeren, on the Asiatic Nations, will soon appear; and, from the glimpse afforded us of its style and execution, we venture to predict, that it will prove the most valuable addition made to historical literature since the days of Gibbon.

*The Beggar's Daughter of Bednal Green.* London: Jennings & Chaplin.

THIS is quite a jewel in the way of typography and illustration. The fine old ballad is printed from Percy's edition—is illustrated with engravings on wood, executed by and under the superintendence of Branston and Wright, from designs by Harvey, with an original and very pleasant preface, we believe, by the editor of the *Every Day Book*. Harvey's designs want something of that breadth of colouring which was so admirable in his 'Children in the Wood,' and are, perhaps, a trifle too ornate and elaborate; but, taken as a whole, they are beautiful, and the vignette of the old Beggar is truly noble for its simplicity. The wood engravings, for delicacy and high-wrought finish, we do not remember to have seen equalled. There is a pleasant passage in the preface, on the subject of beggars, which we think worth transferring here:—

"There is a saying among country-people, that many insects in spring is a sign of many birds in summer. Begging keeps pace, or slackens, with the disposition to give, or withhold, alms. In a former age, the rich dispensed liberally to the poor, and poverty itself could afford to relieve indigence. Then, beggar joined company with beggar, and troops of mendicants, swarming from towns, overspread the country, and fattened on gleanings which, in the midst of plenty, were scarcely missed. The demands outgrew the supplies. So early as the reign of Henry VII., there is a statute directing that every impotent beggar should resort to the hundred where he last dwelt, was best known, or was born, and there remain, upon pain of being set in the stocks for three days and nights, with only bread and water, and then sent out of the

town. In the next reign, when Henry VIII. dissolved the monasteries and nunneries 'with good incomes and warm kitchens,' whence provisions were daily distributed to the needy, the helpless poor wandered far and wide, and so troubled the kingdom for sustenance, that parliament authorised the justices of every county to grant licenses to indigent, aged, and impotent beggars, to beg within a certain district. At that time, Bethnal Green, which is now a parish of itself, formed a part of the large and ancient parish of Stepney, and the helpless part of the population resorted daily, for alms, to the many religious establishments in the parish and its neighbourhood. In Holywell Lane abode the Benedictine Nuns, in their priory of St. John the Baptist, re-edified in the reign of Henry VII., by Sir Thomas Lovell, whose bounty they were required to remember in their devotions by the following lines, painted on the windows:—

All the nuns of Holywell  
Pray for the soul of Thomas Lovell.

Then also was standing the munificent hospital called St. Mary's Spital, whence the ground belonging to it, and adjoining Bethnal Green, was called Spital-fields, a site long since covered with houses, now mostly inhabited by descendants of a multitude of French Protestants, who fled from the persecution consequent upon the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and established the silk manufacture upon this spot of refuge. And, doubtless, in the time spoken of, the necessitous of Bethnal Green made pleasant summer strolls to the monastery at West Ham, on their way to Barking Abbey, where all who asked, received liberal alms from the sisters of that magnificent foundation. At the Reformation, these sources of charity were dried up, and the indigent poor of Bethnal Green, and the neighbourhood, with all the equally poor people of the kingdom, became common beggars."

#### *Encyclopædia Britannica.* Part XXVII.

THIS very valuable work, which may be placed at the head of our cheap literature, with equal honour to itself and to cheap literature, proceeds with its accustomed regularity, every number deserving from us a word of commendation. The judicious arrangement of the work—the ability of the writers—the accuracy of the illustrations, with the careful attention of the editor, Professor Napier, unite to make it a dictionary of literature and philosophy that ought to be found in every public library in the kingdom, and every private one where the parties can spare an occasional seven shillings. To bring down the History of Britain, contained in the present number, to the latest moment, the last sheet has been detained, and is to be given in the next number.

#### *State Trials.* London: Strange.

THE *State Trials* have been recommended to the humbler classes, by the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge—we do not agree in the recommendation—but for those who differ from us, here is a very neat and cheap edition, publishing in numbers at twopence each.

*Diines of the Church of England, with a Life of each Author, and a Summary of each Discourse.* By the Rev. T. S. Hughes. Vols. 21 and 22. London: Valpy.

WE have heretofore fully explained the nature of this work, and expressed our opinion of the manner in which Mr. Hughes has executed his editorial duties: it only remains for us, therefore, to announce that the present volumes contain sermons by Powell, Fawcett and Ogden.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*The Poetry of Truth*,' by John Maule, M.D. Canto I.—Our physician imagines his poem to be as mystical as one of his own prescriptions. "I write not to the world," saith he, "for I know that to the world I must be unintelligible—I write for the people of God, for those who understand that Christ's kingdom is not of this world; I write not for those who are commonly called the religious world, for I know no essential difference between them and what they call the world; I write for those who are taught of God; who are born again of the spirit, who are of the true circumcision, and who have no confidence in the flesh. These, and these only, can understand me; I seek their approbation, and no other." After this singular exordium we expected verses to follow as mystical as the ravings of the unknown tongues, which have overset the understanding of one of the worthiest men of the age; but it is quite otherwise. We are of this world, certainly: we have undergone none of those mystic transformations which the author thinks necessary for those who give audience to his muse, and yet we understand every word she utters as well as if she were one of the heathen ladies who formerly dwelt by Helicon, and not a regenerated songstress, who attunes her song to the comprehensions of such as imagine themselves born again of the spirit. Nay, what is worse than this deviating into sense, our author has actually deviated into poetry—a bit of backsliding of which he is, perhaps, unconscious, and for which we hope he will not be seriously rebuked by any of those sighing sisters who have the dangerous gift of tongues. No one would look for verses so freely written as these after the prose which we have quoted.

Woe to thee, world! for thou full many a heart  
Hast lured from good by false betraying smiles—  
Woe to thee, world! for thy treacherous art  
With seeming fair, the generous beguiles—  
Who can resist thy ever-varied wiles?  
For every age thou hast allurements fit—  
The painter's, poet's, and the author's styles  
Are not more changeful; thy seducing wit,  
Thy beauty, wealth and fame, can every fancy hit.

A pilgrim, to the voice of fame unknown,  
Too honest to obtain the worldling's praise,  
And yet perchance too wise its loss to moan,  
Comes forth the voice of sacred truth to raise,  
No coward fear his ardent mind betrays.  
Familiar with the world, its frowns its smiles,  
Truth's temper'd arms he wields, her shield displays,  
Her spear's Ithuriel touch no art beguiles,  
Vain against that were e'en the fallen angels' wiles.

There is nothing obscure or mystic in the author's description of the Church as it is and was:—  
Long has the church, from persecution free,  
Grown careless—rich in this world's goods, and proud  
Of liberty, has sought to make agree  
All sorts of fables with God's word, and loud  
In praise of liberality has bow'd  
The neck to sin, presumptuous, and pride—  
Pride, dignified by all the learned crowd,  
Who far from Christian meekness wander wide,  
Nor heed Christ's lowly flock, by long afflictions tried.  
Let past experience tell the coming woe;  
Where are the once-lov'd churches of the east?  
When poor in worldly goods, the living flow  
Of heaven's rich treasures form'd their daily feast.  
Till curs'd with wealth, they soon became the least  
In God's esteem; and, of his grace depriv'd,  
They sunk beneath the sway of that fell beast  
Who reigns triumphant with the power deriv'd  
From Satan's seat, where all our woe is still contriv'd.  
There was a time, a glorious time indeed,  
When scarce reliev'd from persecution's fire,  
And rich with martyrs' blood sprung forth the seed  
Replete with life. What more could heart desire,  
Than thus to see the mightiest conspire  
To pull Rome's idols down, and join in hand,  
With zeal and energy that nought could tire,  
To plant that gospel vine that fill'd the land,  
And, fed with grace from heav'n, could every foe withstand?

'*Poetic Fragments, from unpublished MS.*'—We have just left a mystic bard who writes much plain, strong common sense and worldly wisdom, and found a poet who writes of plain matters mystically. The author selects a number of passages from written originals in his pos-



session; and that they may want no attractions, he prints them prettily, and dedicates them to the Ladies of Great Britain; he, however, informs his fair auditors that his strains are "generally deficient in those essential requisites, Feeling and Fancy." Now we would gage "a basnet to a 'prentice cap," that our author imagines that his chief strength lies with fancy and with feeling; at least, he ventures on themes where they are essentially necessary for his success. The introductory lines will show, as well as any other, the nature of his verses, and how little he is inclined to adopt the line of the old song for his motto, "Humility sets me best."

Go, stem the torrent's rapid force—  
Check the wild falcon in her course—  
Hurl from its base the tow'ring rock,  
And turn aside the lightning's shock.  
Level the mountain with the plain—  
Dash back the billows of the main!  
These, these, proud Man, may yield to thee;  
And more than these perilsance may be  
Thy slaves; yet seek not to controul  
The freedom of the Muse's soul.  
She's free—free as the breeze that bows  
The sturdy pine, and fragile rose.  
Free,—as the feelings fierce that roll  
Across dark Guilt's destructive soul,  
Which brave both heaven and earth's controul.  
Free,—as the Sons of Man, ere Sin  
Had found a place of rest within—  
Ere Ruin ruled them with the rod  
That sway'd them to a despot's nod—  
Ere Tyranny a throne had won—  
Ere Fraud and Force their state o'erturn,  
And with rapacious fury swept  
The Treasure, while its guardian slept.  
Like the swift scythe of Time effaced  
The lines that God's own hand had traced;—  
Dimm'd the fair feelings of the mind,  
And left—nought but a wreck behind.

For "Feeling" and "Fancy," our readers may look in the following verses:—

Where are those hours of love,  
O'er which the beam  
Of brilliant Hope brightly glow'd,  
Gilding the stream  
Of joy that glanced gladly on,  
Gleaming in light—  
Where are those hours of love,  
Beaming and bright?  
Where are the looks that broke,  
Breathing the spell  
O'er the soft yielding heart,  
Therein to dwell;  
Spite of the dark storms,  
Around that may roll—  
Where are the looks that broke  
Bright o'er the soul?  
Gone:—never to return—  
Darken'd and past.  
Fled are the hours that beam'd  
Too bright to last:—  
If in Oblivion's shade  
Thought could find rest,  
Then might remembrance be  
Tranquil and blest.

Though he dedicates his poetry to the Ladies, he has nothing remarkable to tell them; his verses on Love are full of harmony, but wanting in passion and tenderness.

'Fort Risbane; or, Three Days Quarantine, by a Detenu.'—We cannot think well of the taste of an author who in these days carries on a conversation through a whole volume, between Hartley, Pungent, Scribbleton, Orthodox, Tythinkind, Benignus, Goodenough, O'Lucre, Pyrotic, Pertinax, and others of that family, who come with characters ticketed and labelled into company, and cannot speak otherwise than according to their names. We do not mean to say that our Detenu has in these colloquies shown no knowledge of human nature or of the world; on the contrary, he discourses cleverly enough concerning many matters of kingdoms, republics, merchandize, plague, poison, poetry, and politics.

'Tales Historical and Domestic, by Will. Harrison.'—The author of the series of tales of which this is the commencing number, is well known to the reading world by his 'Tales of a Physician.' He has conceived the idea of giving us a succession of stories in a cheap form, and well embellished, and we think he may be successful; there is nature enough, and tact enough,

in the 'Lost Deed,' with which the work begins, to recommend it to a large class of readers, without trusting to the attractions of the embellishments, of which many are promised, from the pencils of Boxall, Richter, Stothard, and Wright. We ought to mention that, in imitation of prouder names, Mr. Harrison sends his tales to the public in monthly instalments, at the low charge of one shilling.

'Periodicals.'—We are called upon, almost daily, to announce some new periodical—in truth, they come so fast, that even a few lines of criticism upon each will occupy more space than we can well spare. We have now before us 'The Saturday Magazine,' published under the direction of a committee appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It is a rival to the Penny Magazine, and this first number is quite as dull as the first number of the original wrong-doer, but it contains more useful information. The Penny Magazine has improved; the Saturday's may follow the example. The success of these speculations, we repeat, must end in the ruin of the little publishers; in establishing two or three huge monopolies, which will swallow up all competitors. It is impossible that Mr. Limbird, or Mr. Steill, or Mr. Berger, or any other publisher, can succeed in opposition to chartered societies, fed by subscription, and marshalling in the title pages of their works, as a recommendation, the names of half the rank and talent of the country. Unfortunately, the rank and talent are blind or indifferent to the consequences of these proceedings. We are now told of the good done in disseminating knowledge, by the sale of a hundred thousand copies of the Penny Magazine. This is just the same ignorance which, five and twenty years ago, argued in favour of large farms and inclosures—"look at the broad corn-lands, look at the well filled stack-yards;" never pausing to think of the numberless small farmers and honest yeomen gradually sinking into labourers and paupers. The Penny Magazine alone will probably end by ruining a hundred rival speculations. It is altogether forgotten that its hundred thousand sale includes all the readers that the Mirror, the Mechanic's Magazine, the Olio, the Casket, and other well conducted works have lost—it is a cruel, an unjust, and an unfair rival—and if not shortly and seriously opposed by the public press, will do incalculable mischief.—We have also to announce a 'Weekly Miscellany,' to which we wish success, as to every honest speculation which tends to diffuse knowledge among the people.—'The Islington Popular Library' is a religious publication.—'The Schoolmaster at Home,' and 'Asmodeus,' are political satires, somewhat too close in imitation of Figaro to be commended for originality, though not wanting in spirit.—'The Guide to Knowledge,' edited by Mr. Pinnock, assumes a higher character, and is an instructive and clever work, likely, we think, to prove a valuable one to the humbler classes.—'The Morning Star' is a daily paper, light, trifling, and pleasant: if it keeps up to its present promise, we hope it will succeed; it will certainly deserve to do so. These are all penny papers.

'The Political Investigator' assumes a higher tone, and grapples with more important subjects. It is written with considerable talent, and is ultra-radical both in politics and religion. Its price is twopence.

'The Story Teller' is, perhaps, a more important work than any of the preceding. Its object is to collect together "those gems in the department of imaginative writing" which do not find a place in the larger collections of national literature. It is published weekly, price sixpence, and with the first number was given a beautiful embossed head of Sir Walter Scott. It will, when in complete volumes, form a very curious and interesting work.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## THE COURT OF SAXE-MEINUNGEN.

[The fact of Her present Majesty Queen Adelaide being a Princess of the House of Saxe-Meiningen, gives great additional interest to the following Paper, which is translated from a Manuscript about to be published at Paris under the title of 'Recollections of an Officer.']

Of all the satellites, great and small, which, under the denomination of members of the Confederation of the Rhine, revolved round the bright star of Napoleon's glory, none was less hostile or more submissive than the chief of the principality of Saxe-Meiningen.

This chief was an amiable and timid woman, the mother of a numerous and interesting family, whom she brought up in the fear of God and of Napoleon, with all the economy, if not the simplicity, which characterizes the establishment of a bettermost German tradesman. With the truly German ostentation and old-fashioned formality of *her court*, as it was termed, were combined the most paternal care for the welfare and happiness of the few hundred subjects over whom she reigned.

If my memory serve me correctly, the military force which, as member of the Rhenish Confederation, this excellent princess maintained under arms, at the disposal, though not in the pay of Napoleon, amounted to some sixty or seventy men. This modest *corps d'armée*, in which, no doubt, the warlike virtues made up for any deficiency in numerical strength, took a very serious part in more than one of the battles fought by the Grand Army. At Ratibon, a drummer of Meinungen was wounded—and severely too—by a vigorous kick from the foot of a French grenadier, who asked him in French, which the poor drummer did not understand, for a bit of touchwood to light his pipe. It is said, that after the battle a report of the wound—the place and cause of which were somewhat disguised—was made to the princess, and the star of Meinungen, with its pendant ribbon, was transmitted, by the chancellor of the order, to the brave drummer and twelve of his valiant companions.

At the period when all the high roads in Germany swarmed with detachments from the army destined by Napoleon to carry fire and sword into the remote dominions of the Czars, a regiment of light infantry arrived, one fine morning, at the little town of Saxe-Meinungen. Having obtained leave to make a halt there of three days, gallantry required the officers, whom fame had made acquainted with the amiable character of the princess and her family, to offer to this interesting sovereign that personal homage which she deserved, much more than she desired; and on the very day of their arrival a *visite de corps* was ordered by the commanding officer.

Every portmanteau was accordingly unpacked, its contents put into requisition, and the officers appeared in all the splendour of full-dress uniforms; more in keeping with the magnificence which they anticipated, than that which they really found. At noon precisely they assembled on the neat, well-swept *place d'armes*, whence they proceeded in a body towards the palace, termed by the Germans, *the Residence*.

The regiment, with its four battalions complete, counted a hundred officers of different ages and ranks—a number somewhat greater than that of the whole army kept up by

the princess to maintain the peace of Europe. These, with their dazzling uniforms, proceeded in solemn procession to the *Residence*. But as no one building in the town, save only the church, overtopped the houses of the ordinary inhabitants, it was impossible to distinguish the palace from the surrounding habitations, by any of those magnificent proportions with which the excited imaginations of the officers had associated it.

However, at the end of a narrow street, which, as they were subsequently informed, was inhabited by all the great state officers, they arrived at a modest square building, which, by a dark sombre appearance, differed from the neatly white-washed houses with green blinds, which stood contiguous to it. A few long narrow windows admitted the light through small dirty panes of glass, which the aged wood-work had scarcely strength to retain in their places. Before the door which gave entrance into this royal dwelling, paraded a sentinel, who, divorced from his musket, which he had left in the peaceful sentry-box, yawned as he performed his perambulations. From his shoulders was suspended one of those huge German cartridge-boxes, which used so to amuse the soldiers of the French army. The Saxon warrior, taken by surprise, and unable to resume his arms and pay military honours to the strangers, a young urchin having, unperceived, slipped into the sentry-box and taken away his musket to learn the exercise, told his vexation by his humbled and abashed countenance.

The *cortège* passed through the door, whose archway served as a coach-house, and proceeded up a wooden staircase of tolerable proportions, adorned with a wooden balustrade, sculptured à l'antique. In front walked, by order of the colonel, a young ensign from the banks of the Rhine, who, according to his own account, spoke German very well, and was therefore delegated to act as interpreter.

On the landing-place stood a man in a blue jacket, with a cap of the same colour in his hand, who, attracted by a noise of voices and footsteps, so unusual and extraordinary at the *Residence*, had come thither to learn the cause.

This individual, as it afterwards appeared, was the first valet-de-chambre of the princess, and, no doubt, the only one.

The interpreter informed him in German, that the officers there present aspired to the honour of paying their respectful homage to the princess. With a wave of his hand he beckoned the intruders to remain where they were, and then disappeared through a door, which he carefully closed after him.

A quarter of an hour was spent upon the staircase, in various conjectures, when a grave and aged officer, in an old-fashioned uniform, and whose grey hair was adorned with a tail à la Prussienne, approached the colonel, and inquired, in German, the cause of his visit with so numerous a suite. The interpreter made the same reply as to the blue-cap questioner. Bowing with great dignity, the venerable personage stated that the duties of his office required that he should first make known this request to his illustrious sovereign and mistress.

After a second pause of another quarter of an hour, the grand chamberlain—for such was his title—again appeared, bowed very

low, and ordered the first valet-de-chambre, who had returned with him, to throw open the door opposite to the staircase—then, with a wave of the hand, accompanied by two bows, he motioned the strangers to advance.

The latter, naturally enough, imagined that they would now have to traverse a long suite of apartments—not so: they found themselves immediately in a narrow gallery,—the end of which, near the door, was wholly free from furniture—there not being even a chair; whilst, at the other end, sat several ladies nearly encircling another, who appeared to be of a higher rank. This was the princess; and they who surrounded her were the ladies of her court—the wives and daughters of the grandees of Saxe-Meiningen.

When the leaders of the party had arrived at about the middle of the gallery, the grand chamberlain suddenly stopped, and informed the astonished interpreter, who made faithful report accordingly, that severe etiquette, which could in no case be departed from, required that all strangers admitted into the presence of his august mistress should be first officially announced to her Highness in due form, by the proper officer of her household. Whilst this point was being settled, the French officers took the opportunity of glancing at the ladies, whose seriousness and impassibility were such, as made it difficult to believe that a hundred gallant soldiers stood only a few paces from them. The grand chamberlain, whose imperturbability nothing could disturb, now asked in a loud voice—

“What is the pleasure of Messieurs the French officers?”

“To obtain the honour of a presentation to the reigning princess,” replied, for the third, or fourth, or fifth time, the impatient interpreter.

“You shall be announced to her Highness, gentlemen,” said the grand chamberlain, who, wheeling round, walked towards the court in measured steps, and said in French,

“Messieurs the officers of the — regiment of light infantry, belonging to the grand army of the Emperor Napoleon, one of the allies of the principality of Saxe-Meiningen, (here he enumerated all the titles of the principality) humbly solicit the signal honour of being presented to her Highness the reigning princess.”

“I will receive them with great pleasure,” said the princess, rising, and advancing with much grace and affability towards the strangers, to whom she said, “Gentlemen, I am sensible of the honour you confer upon me—pray approach.”

The grand chamberlain then announced in full, official loudness of tone, “Messieurs the officers of the — regiment.”

These tedious ceremonies, these courtly forms, and this rigorous etiquette, in a dwelling which displayed more than ordinary homeliness, put the officers into good humour, and many of them had great difficulty to refrain from laughing outright. The colonel was delighted at being able to converse with the princess in French, and, after the usual compliments, presented individually each of his officers. The modest attire of the princess, her mild and noble bearing, and her benevolent countenance and manner, soon gained the hearts of her visitors. After a short conversation, in which she evinced a profound knowledge of European politics, and a warm admiration for the chief of the

French government, whom she always termed the illustrious Napoleon, she invited the whole party to a ball which she intended to give next day, in honour of their passage through her dominions; stating to the colonel that she had given orders that each soldier of the regiment should participate in the fête, by receiving an extra ration of wine from the host upon whom he was billeted.

A gracious inclination of the head to the colonel was a signal for the visit to terminate. The party then withdrew, preceded by the grand chamberlain, who departed not a hair's breadth from the accustomed ceremonial; and the officers knew not which most to admire, the adaptation of these courtly forms to so humble an establishment, or the extreme amiableness and affable dignity which distinguished the princess.

The ball took place in the gallery we have already described. The numerous family of the princess was present, and mingled with the guests without any appearance of pretension. She herself was habited in nearly the same plain costume as on the preceding day, and, like Cornelia, could point to her children and say, “These are my jewels!”

Certainly nothing that the French officers beheld at this ball bore the slightest resemblance to anything they had before seen. There were old ladies decked out in the costume of the court of Louis XV.; a dozen antiquated officers—fossil remains of past glory—almost effaced monuments of the seven years' war;—whilst, under the protection of these venerable Teutonic ruins, plump, fresh-coloured, frank and good-tempered girls scarcely clad—kind hearted Germans, always ready to utter the *Ja* of approbation and add to it a hearty laugh—and the interesting children of the princess, gaily whirled through the groups in the mazy waltz.

In a word, German pride was combined with courtesy—reserve with frankness—and the indispensable ceremonial was divested of its stiffness and ungracious formality;—but the music was only worthy of an ale-house; and there was a lamentable paucity of refreshments. At the end of the ball, a kind of side-board supper was served up, which prevented no one from supping on his return home.

The next day the official Gazette of Saxe-Meiningen announced to the peaceable subjects of the most amiable and kindest of sovereigns, that on the previous night there had been a ball and reception at court.

#### THE REVOLUTION OF 1832.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ‘CORN LAW RHYMES.’

SEE! the slow Angel writhes in dreams of pain!  
His cheek indignant glows!  
Like Stanedge, shaking thunder from his mane,  
He starts from long repose!

Wide, wide his earthquake voice is felt and heard;

“Arise, ye brave and just!”  
The living sea is to its centre stirr'd;  
And, lo, our foes are dust!

The earth beneath the feet of millions shakes;  
The whirlwind-cloud is riv'n;  
As midnight, smitten into lightning, wakes,  
So wak'd the sword of Heav'n.

The Angel drew not from its sheath that sword;  
He spake, and all was done!  
Night fled away before th' Almighty word;  
And, lo—the Sun! the Sun!



## THE LIFE AND CONFESSIONS, INCLUDING THE OPINIONS, MORAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL, OF DICKY O'BREADY, ESQ.

(Concluded.)

In most, if not in all the countries of Europe, the progress of time is noted by those divisions and subdivisions called days, months and years. A certain number of these portions had now rolled into the gulph of the past since first I trod the boards of life. I had hitherto, as it were, acted only an unimportant and probationary part on the minor theatres of school-boy society. I was now to be enrolled among the actors of the great theatre-royal of the world. I was to tread the stage on which kings and heroes trod. The part first to be allotted to me, it is true, was one of but little value in the drama. To continue the metaphor, the gestures I was to exhibit, and the words I was to speak, were to have little or no influence on the progress of the play. Yet were I to be but the mute representative of a warrior in a pageant or a priest in a procession, I knew that my conduct would, in some way or other, be influential. A somewhat higher cast of part, however, awaited me. To drop the metaphor, it was decided that I should be bound 'prentice to a coffin-maker.

My mind was at once in favour of, and adverse to this decision. The occupation of coffin-making seemed to me like the "rocking of the battlements" to *Zanga*: it suited the "gloomy temper of my soul." The course of my employment might, by some fortunate concurrence of events, lead me to assist in the construction of a coffin for the worthless worm and reptile *White*, for the ever deeply detested *Stubbs*. It was "a consummation devoutly to be wished." But then, on the other hand, the purchase of this sublime pleasure could only be accomplished by the sacrifice of a leading principle of my mind—a settled hatred and contempt of authority.

My hatred of authority, that is to say, when vested in any other being than myself, was intense. Now, to be bound 'prentice, clearly implied the surrender of my liberty into the hands of another. I must relinquish the dominion over my own bones and muscles, and deliver the master-string by which all their motions were regulated, into the hands of a task-master.

I could submit to labour, but then that labour must be voluntary. My soul must approve of the quantity of labour meted out to me. The time of duration of that labour, and its two periods of commencement and termination, must be subject only to the impulses of my own mind. I knew that those impulses would not occur so often as the interests of my employer might require; I knew, too, that in the indentures of a coffin-maker's apprentice, there is no clause by which those impulses are provided for.

The term of apprenticeship, then, is clearly, so far as the self-will of the apprentice is concerned, a term of slavery. But it is "young ambition's ladder," and that ladder I determined to ascend. Yet, strictly speaking, I was not ambitious; or, at most, ambition occupied but one quarter of the measure of my soul, while the other three quarters were filled with hatred. To gratify this ravishing passion has ever been the leading object of my life; and I calculated the means this situation offered to assist me

in the sole purpose for which I draw the breath of existence. Generally speaking, when in the ciphering book of life Hope sets us a sum in the rule of three, she makes the stating in round numbers of infinite value, and we ourselves complete the delusion by some extraordinary error in the casting up. This was my case in the present instance.

I reflected on the destiny proposed to me. "I will embrace it," said I; "I will become this coffin-maker's apprentice. I will apply myself with infinite industry to my task. Seven years are not a century in the computation of time. The duration of seven years, long and tedious as it may be, is not eternal. Computed by the severe arithmetic of truth, seven years are but seven years. They must inevitably have an end. At the arrival of that period, I shall be as free as is that bird which I remember to have read of, but the name of which I forget. I shall then vend the powers which hitherto I have been compelled to employ for the profit of another. I shall become journeyman, foreman, master! A fatal and destructive malady will happily ravage the metropolis. The infinite powers of arithmetic will be too weak to number the coffins I shall make. My fortune will infallibly and rapidly increase. My possessions will exceed those attributed to *Cæsus* or the rapacious *Eliecs*. My lands shall extend, as far as mortal eye can reach, on the right hand and on the left. My gold shall glitter even as the sun glimmereth in the heavens. I will keep a gig!"

Think not, however, that my aspirations ceased with the supposed accumulation of wealth. No. From the possession of wealth I leaped to the pride of office. In the elation of the moment I passed rapidly over the minor offices of beadle and churchwarden. Already I fancied my proud foot treading on the necks of the common fool;—already had I cast the imaginary sneer at the gaudy sheriff;—the court of aldermen were already trembling beneath the iron hand of my sway—"Yes," I exclaimed, (my imagination heated by the vision, and striking my hand firmly upon the post at the corner of Dyot Street,) "Yes, I will burst upon the eyes of men in the imposing attitude of Lord Mayor of London!"

And here I call the angels to witness that simply to become Lord Mayor was not the end and aim my mind proposed to itself. My soul abhors the empty title. What is a Lord Mayor? In the expressive and powerful phraseology of *Mrs. Glassey*, Take a Lord Mayor; deprive him of the symbols and the frippery of office; strip him of the well-fashioned clothes he wears; place him naked in Pickett Street, on the western side of the barrier of civic power; close against his entrance those stubborn masses of wood and iron; bid him, with certain emissions of his breath, pronounce the spell-fraught words—"Open and admit me: in me behold the Lord of Finsbury and Mayor of London!" [such, I find upon inquiry, are his legal titles.] Doubtless the obedient portals will blush, and turn abashed upon their hinges! "Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye." At this advanced period of my human life, I firmly declare it was not the empty and abstract honours of the office I coveted. It was the power it possessed.

That power I might make the instrument of my hatred and revenge. By me the ma-

gisterial chair would be occupied. *White*, *Stubbs*, *O'Floggarty*, and others whom in the progress of time I should infallibly hate, would become charged as offenders against the laws of society. They would render themselves obnoxious to punishment. They would appear before me as the arbiter of their fate. Guilty or innocent, I should naturally award them to death. I should attend their execution. The dreadful apparatus of their expulsion from the scheme of life would be to me as a gorgeous pageant. How amply, how singularly, how infinitely, how eminently should I be revenged on these hated miscreant wretches for the wrongs—they never inflicted on me. But I am too eloquent; I must restrain the stream and current of my human mind.

Alas! those glorious visions were never realized. They vanished, and, like the magic pageant of *Prospero*, "left not a rack behind."

A day and hour was appointed when I should present myself to the coffin-maker. With the pendulum of my heart vacillating between hope and fear, I proceeded towards the residence of this ruling god of my fate. It was situated in Fleet Market. I arrived at it. I found him in his study, or, as it was vulgarly called, his workshop. He was intently engaged in the adjustment of the lid, or covering of a coffin, to that part which was intended to contain some person who, as I imagined, had lately died, and for whose reception he was preparing it. I took this brief opportunity of scrutinizing him.

The name of this man was *Boxwell*, or *Boxall*, I do not accurately remember which, though I incline to believe the former. He presently observed me; and, after eyeing me for some time with unparalleled attention and minuteness, he said to me in a tone of voice more indicative of command than persuasion, "Wait at the door, my lad." I instantly conceived against this man a hatred which time has neither weakened nor abated. I obeyed his mandate.

I had scarcely remained an hour at the door, when the viper, into whose leprous and unquarantined body the breath of life was infused for the sole purpose of infecting the atmosphere in which I moved, the accursed *Stubbs*, entered the shop. In passing me he took my hand, and with a voice sweeter than the tones of Cartwright's musical glasses, he exclaimed, "Ah! Dicky my lad, is it you?" But I was too wary to be deceived. I understood the full meaning and import of the words. Like the oracle of the ancients, he adopted a mystical phraseology, but, like the sacred and gifted priest, I unravelled and explained all that was dark and tangled in it. To my ears he spoke, as clearly as human organs could speak, "If you think to get this place you're mistaken."

The issue confirmed my translation. *Boxwell* or *Boxall* (for, as I have before said, I have no certain and distinct recollection of his name) came out. He merely said, "You won't do, my lad;—besides, you're too late."

I remember no more. After this, all was chaos. With the swiftness of a courser I galloped down Fleet Market. With the speed of sound I passed over Blackfriars Bridge, and took the direction of the Borough. With the velocity of light I flew down Bishopsgate Street. With a celerity beyond the limited

capacity of human powers to conceive, I darted into Moorfields.

So far as any rational or useful effort on my part was concerned, I was now no longer to be considered as a member of the scheme of human existence. At the end of two years a combination of circumstances produced in my mind the conviction that I was in Bedlam! \* \* \*

The immutable laws by which all subliminary affairs are governed have provided for every human work a period of conclusion. That small portion of human society destined to become the readers of these pages will probably acknowledge the mercy implied by this provision. These melancholy records are now fast approaching towards their termination.

I had now reached the sixteenth year of my human life. Beyond that valuable and instructive portion of my terrestrial existence, these memoirs must not extend. I am now become old; yet, strange as it may appear, it has never been permitted to me to arrive at years of discretion. The task for the accomplishment of which I was ordained a member of the scheme of life is fulfilled. I throw down my pen. It may be remembered that a few sentences back I stated that, at an early period of my human life, I found myself in Bedlam: I find myself there still!

D. O'B.

#### DINNER TO WASHINGTON IRVING.

By the kindness of a friend, we have been favoured with a file of the *New York American*, containing an account of a dinner given by the citizens of New York to their distinguished countryman. Nearly 300 persons were present. Mr. Irving, in returning thanks upon his health being drunk, was often deeply affected. Some passages in his eloquent speech will be read with painful interest by Englishmen:—

"On my side I see changes, it is true, but they are the changes of rapid improvement, and growing prosperity; even the countenances of my old associates and townsmen have appeared to me but slightly affected by the lapse of years, though, perhaps, it was the glow of ancient friendship and heartfelt welcome beaming from them that prevented me from seeing the ravages of time.

"As to my native city, from the time I approached the coast, I had indications of its growing greatness. We had scarce descried the land, when a thousand sails of all descriptions gleaming along the horizon, and all standing to or from one point, showed that we were in the neighbourhood of a vast commercial emporium. As I sailed up our beautiful bay, with a heart swelling with old recollections and delightful associations, I was astonished to see its once wild features brightening with populous villages and noble piles, and a seeming city, extending itself over heights which I had left covered with groves and forests. But how shall I describe my emotions, when our city rose to sight, sealed in the midst of its watery domain, stretching away to a vast extent; when I beheld a glorious sunshine lighting up the spires and domes, some familiar to memory, others new and unknown, and beaming upon a forest of masts of every nation, extending as far as the eye could reach. I have gazed with admiration upon many a fair city and stately harbour, but my admiration was cold and ineffectual, for I was a stranger, and had no property in the soil. Here, however, my heart throbbed with pride and joy as I ad-

mired—I had a birthright in the brilliant scenes before me—

This was my own native land!

It has been asked, 'Can I be contented to live in this country?' Whoever asks that question must have but an inadequate idea of its blessings and delight. What sacrifice of enjoyments have I to reconcile myself to? I come from gloomy climates to one of brilliant sunshine and inspiring purity. I come from countries lowering with doubt and danger, where the rich man trembles and the poor man frowns—where all repine at the present and dread the future. I come from them to a country where all is life and animation—where I hear on every side the sound of exultation—where every one speaks of the past with triumph, the present with delight, the future with growing and confident anticipation. Is this not a community in which one may rejoice to live? Is this not a city by which one may be proud to be received as the son? Is this not a land in which one may be happy to fix his destiny and ambition,—if possible, to found a name? I am asked how long I mean to remain here. They know but little of my heart or my feelings who can ask this question—as long as I live."

To add to the interest of the Report, the American editor has published a prophetic letter of Sir Walter Scott's, written many years since, of the very existence of which Mr. Irving was up to that moment ignorant.

"MY DEAR SIR—I beg you to accept my best thanks for the uncommon degree of entertainment which I have received from the most excellently jocose 'History of New York.' I am sensible that, as a stranger to American parties and politics, I must lose much of the concealed satire of the piece: but I must own, looking at the simple and obvious meaning only, I have never read anything so closely resembling the style of Dean Swift as the annals of Diedrick Knickerbocker. I have been employed these few evenings in reading them aloud to Mrs. S. and two ladies, who are our guests, and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing. I think, too, there are passages which indicate that the author possesses power of a different kind, and has some touches which remind me much of Sterne. I beg you will have the kindness to let me know when Mr. Irving takes pen in hand again; for assuredly I shall expect a very great treat, which I may chance never to hear of but through your kindness.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Your obliged humble Servant,  
Abbotsford, WALTER SCOTT."  
23rd April, 1813.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THERE were so many demands on our columns last week, that we could not spare even a line for the *Magazines*. It is now too late, except for a brief report on the success of the new editors.—First, of *La Belle*, which under the genial taste of Mrs. Norton, has changed from its chrysalis state, and come forth *The Court Magazine*, with a plumage as gay and beautiful as a queen butterfly. It is decidedly a good number—and the best article is Mrs. Norton's own, 'The Lament of the Poet Savage.' 'A Pleasure Party in the Highlands,' is clever and entertaining; 'My Maiden Speech,' and 'The Drop Scene,' pleasant trifles. 'Miss Fanny Kemble's Dramatic Sketch,' will be liked by many—and the paper on 'The Musical Drama,' is sound and sensible, on a subject whereon folly hath usually permission to sport his cap and bells unquestioned. But a first number

is an unfair specimen of any work; and neither publisher nor editor have had time to arrange their plans or bring their resources to bear. The announced series of Seats of the Nobility, is a capital idea, and if executed with care, as there is good promise of, when entrusted to the academical Daniell, will, with the Gallery of Portraits, make *The Court Magazine* a choice and treasured volume.—What we have said of first numbers generally, must be allowed to serve as an apology for some little deficiencies in the *Ladies' Museum*, which is now under the editorship of Mr. F. W. N. Bayley, a man of undoubted talent, though it suits his humour upon occasions to startle common place dullness by strange hair-brained pleasantries. The editor himself apologizes for the imperfect manner in which the engravings have been struck off—but time and experience will remedy these things, and certainly the spirited etching of the graceful Brugnoli and Samengo needs no apology. There are many pleasant papers even in this first number—some clever lines by Miss Jewsbury, others by Miss Mitford—contributions from Thomas Roscoe, Miss Hill, and Mr. Picken—a notice of the opera by Trueba—a Memoir of Ninon de l'Enclos, whose portrait is given, by Mr. Bayley, and a discursive letter from Lady Somebody in town to Nobody in the country, which touches in a light gossiping way on all the follies and frivolities, art, literature and theatricals of the past month.

"It is intended to raise a monument to M. Cuvier, in the Jardin des Plantes, by a public subscription among naturalists of every country; and I am persuaded, that those of England, who knew so well to appreciate the services rendered to science by the illustrious author of 'Des Ossemens Fossiles,' will not be the least liberal contributors to it." These are the words of an eminent French naturalist, to one of the brethren in London; the hint has been actively acted on, and already good round sums have been subscribed.

We see by an article in the *Morning Chronicle*, that some claim to increasing courtesy is set up for the populace of London, because they neither hissed nor pelted Sir Walter Scott when he embarked last Saturday for Abbotsford, though Fielding was taunted and jeered by the rude rabble, when, sick and dying, he left England to seek for health on a foreign shore. It is true, that the people refrained from hissing and pelting Sir Walter: they did more, they uncovered themselves one and all, when he was borne from the hotel to his carriage: many cried "God bless you, Sir, and better health to you;" and all seemed affected and sensible of the worth of which they were about to be deprived. We wonder our sagacious friend did not perceive in the hissings and hootings bestowed on Fielding, that the rabble avenged their own stripes, fines, and imprisonments, on an active magistrate, who scoured the midnight streets, and consequently drew on himself the indignation of the rabble. The cases of these eminent men are not at all analogous.

In literature, we have little to communicate. Several new works are announced to appear to-morrow, which, we forewarn our readers, certainly will not be then published. There is good promise of future entertainment, in a report which has just reached us, that Mr. Bull has purchased the copyright of

Marshall Ney's Memoirs, and that they will be forthwith translated and published. The work is said to contain many valuable materials for history, especially of the retreat from Moscow.

Among exhibitions lately opened, is one in Bond Street, called the Papyro Museum, which for its ingenuity and taste, is well worth a visit. It consists of nearly a hundred figures and groups modelled in paper, full of character and expression. They are the works of two ladies in Hampshire, who with a considerate feeling that does them great honour, have given this labour of years to a charity at Southampton, for the benefit of which it is now exhibited, and will hereafter be sold.—Another exhibition in the same neighbourhood, is the Clarence Vase, of which we heretofore made mention; and our reason for referring to it again, is, that a magnificent collection of stained glass has lately been added. It was purchased at Cologne, and is said to be the work of Albert Durer.—We may add, that the Diorama will re-open on Monday, with a View of Paris from Montmartre, by M. Daguerre, and of the Campo Santo of Pisa, by M. Bouton.

Mr. Mason's opera is, we hear, withdrawn for the present, and Paer's 'Agnese' is announced as in rehearsal.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

### INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

May 29.—Thomas Telford, Esq., President, in the chair.—Some facts regarding the use of the hot air blast were communicated by Mr. Neilson. The weekly consumption of coal at the Clyde Iron Works was formerly 1800 tons; by the adoption of heated blast this has been reduced to 600 tons, at the same time a greater quantity of iron has been manufactured.

The next subject for discussion being 'The best mode of removing large stones, or rocks, and clearing the foundations for building piers under low water, where the diving bell cannot be used,' it was stated by Mr. Gibb, that large masses of loose rock had of late years been removed from Aberdeen Harbour, under his direction. The manner of performing this operation was extremely simple: a cast-iron block, twelve inches square and nine inches thick, was first let down and laid on the top of the stone intended to be removed: a hole, two to three inches diameter, had been cast in the middle of the block, through which a jumper was introduced of sufficient length to be worked from a barge; by this means a hole was perforated in the stone to the depth of twelve inches: the sole purpose of the cast-iron block being to guide the strokes of the iron rod or jumper. A long Lewis bolt was then let into the stone, firmly keyed, and the upper end secured by a chain to one or more barges, according to the size of the stone; this operation being performed at low water, as the tide flowed, the barge rose also, and along with it the stone, which was then floated to the place where it was finally deposited. In this manner large quantities of stones from three to seven tons weight have been raised from a depth of nine feet at low water, and, by employing several Lewis bolts at a time, fragments of rock weighing from twenty to thirty tons have been removed without difficulty.

A description was likewise afforded of the manner of blasting rocks under low water at Peterhead Harbour, without the aid of a diving-bell.

A discussion ensued on the most advantageous forms of Steam-boats for Sea and Inland Navigation, and some valuable particulars com-

municated by Mr. Wood of Port Glasgow respecting the steamers of North America, and their performance as compared with those of this country.

Mr. John Francis Dundas was admitted an Associate, and Mr. Thomas Dyson, of Downham, Norfolk, as a corresponding member.

June 5.—The President in the chair.—A specimen of fine sand used at the Royal Foundry of Berlin was presented by Mr. Hawkins; it is found abundant in that neighbourhood; and he considered the fine smooth surface of the largest castings made in that country was to be attributed to the excellent quality of this sand, and not to the superior fluidity of their metal, as has been supposed.

The different processes which have been adopted for hardening steel were taken into consideration, and particular descriptions given of the method pursued by the late Mr. Maudsley, for this purpose, also that of several manufacturers of fine tools in Staffordshire and elsewhere.

A general account was communicated of the performance of iron passage-boats in present use upon the Ardrossan Canal between Glasgow and Paisley: the boat is drawn by two horses, and the voyage from Glasgow to Paisley (a distance of eight miles) is performed in one hour, length of the boat seventy feet, and about six feet on the beam; it draws less than twelve inches of water, and carries from eighty to one hundred passengers.

A paper by Mr. T. B. Neilson, on the subject of hot-air blast, was received and read.

June 12.—The President in the chair.—A model of Messrs. Jones & Co.'s patent iron-wheel was placed on the table, and a full account of its construction and use communicated by the patentee. The spokes and rim of this wheel are of wrought, and the nave of cast iron; its peculiarity chiefly consists in employing the wrought iron by tension. In wooden wheels, the spokes, which happen to be under the nave, bear the load, while in Mr. Jones's invention the weight is suspended by several rods, which act jointly as ties from that part of the wheel which happens to be uppermost.

A working model of a planing machine, on a new principle, for which a patent has been taken out, was exhibited and explained by the inventor, Mr. Brayton; the construction of this machine is such as to combine the planing, grooving, and tonguing of a board in one operation.

Mr. Neilson was elected a corresponding member.

A variety of specimens of wood and stone from Old London Bridge was received from Mr. Aitcheson; and two volumes of a work entitled, 'Gleanings of Science,' published at Calcutta, from Major Irvine.

June 19.—The President in the chair.—Mr. Aitcheson's historical account of Old London Bridge was read; and some remarks, communicated by him, on the construction of the bridge and general state of the river; he had been informed by different individuals, that the river bed had become deeper both above and below the bridge within their recollection; this effect being considerably increased of late years by the quantity of ballast taken out by the colliers and other vessels, and none being allowed to be thrown in. That this deepening of the river has been going on gradually for many years there can be no doubt from a reference to some ancient records, where it is stated, that at low water many persons waded into the middle of the river at London Bridge, to examine the ruins of part of a former structure which were there visible.

Mr. Joseph Green was introduced to the meeting as an Associate.

June 26.—The President in the chair.—An interesting account was afforded by Mr. Hawkins of the proceedings at a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which took place at Oxford.

Mr. Stedman Whitwell gave a minute description of a method adopted by him, with complete success, for warming the great Stadt Theatre, at Hamburg, by means of the circulation of heated air.

Mr. Whitwell presented Mr. John Martin's plans for improvements in ship building, steam navigation, &c.

This being the last meeting of the Session, the President congratulated the members on the increasing influence and prospects of the Institution, and adverted with much satisfaction to the general advancement of practical science in this country.

The meetings were then adjourned to the second Tuesday in January 1833.

## FINE ARTS

*Portrait of William Wordsworth*: painted by W. Boxall; engraved by W. Bromley.

THOUGH this is the first portrait which we have seen from the pencil of Boxall, he has not been unknown to us for works of another order; in truth, we have for some time regarded him as an artist of no ordinary promise: we perceive not only much natural elegance and quiet simplicity, and rich and harmonious colouring in several of his compositions, but a poetic feeling, particularly in his images of female loveliness, which is far from being abundant amongst the young artists of our day. His poetic taste has perhaps influenced him in choosing to make his first public essay in portraiture from among the poets; and he has had the good fortune, or good taste, to select one of the most original of the living bards of Britain. This adventure, however, was not without its difficulties—the spirit of beauty which animates the works, is not so visible in the person, of the poet; and though his forehead is truly capacious and noble, the lower part of his face is of that character which puzzles and confounds common artists: the world, too, will not put up with fac-simile representations: in the likeness of a poet they look for the presence of poetry:—all this seems to have been passing in the mind of the artist when he was at his easel; and he has made a likeness of the twofold kind which we desire—mental and bodily. The poet is meditating: a strong light passes over his face from the right, which throws the left side into deep shadow—a degree too deep perhaps: his arms are folded—the thought stamped on the brow makes any posture poetic—his eyes are cast downwards;—in short, though not without faults, we think this work belongs to a high order of portraiture.

*Martin's Illustrations of Milton.*—1. *Satan in Council.* 2. *Pandemonium.*

THE great enemy of mankind, seated on his infernal throne, and surrounded by myriads of his fallen companions, and meditating the renewal of war against Heaven, is a subject worthy of the highest powers; and it cannot be said that John Martin is deficient in matters which belong to imagination. It is not, however, in magnificent light and shade, and supernatural splendour alone, that Milton excels: he is a great painter of character—particularly those of a melancholy and gloomy kind—and we think his Satan a masterpiece. Now we have seen sundry Satans in our day—Fuseli, Lawrence, Stothard, and Blake, tried their talents on the great apostate, and all, in our opinion, more or less failed; nor can we say that the fiend of Martin, as a solitary figure, is successful: it is not, however, as a solitary figure that the painter has exhibited him; he is seated on his throne



in the centre of his new palace; lights, to which Greek fire was as a will-o'-wisp, burn overhead; while ranked in order round, his comrades in evil are seated, gloomily listening to the words of the great anarchy; the scene fills and satisfies the imagination. The Pandemonium—which rose like a brilliant exhalation at the wish of one of the fallen—is certainly a wonderful creation of its kind: the architecture is of an order which may be accounted infernal, since it is wild, solemn, and massive, and calculated to endure the wear and tear of fiery elements; the rank above rank of open columns is well imagined, and, on the whole, Satan seems far more magnificently lodged than any potentate of upper air. We wish the Government would desire Martin to design a palace for our kings.

## MUSIC

## KING'S THEATRE.

WITH Grisi substituted for Tosi, 'La Straniera' lingers on. The singing of Tamburini in one or two expressive melodies, is the sole interest of the drama. The new ballet is a stupid affair, and the music is little better. Herberle skips gracefully over a string of roses, a feat of no very surprising power, although it obtains nightly an encore.

Chelard's 'Macbeth' was but thinly attended on its second and last representation.

'Don Juan' was given on Wednesday for the benefit of Mad. Devrient, on which occasion this lady most effectively sustained the character of *Donna Anna*. Mad. de Meric as *Elvira*, deserves our thanks for restoring the exquisite aria, which, for want of an efficient singer in the part, we have too often been deprived of. The original finale was also a delightful addition. We regret to add, that with the exception of Haitzinger, the male singers were unworthy of their parts. From the favourable impression we have of the music when sung in Italian by Sontag, Fodor, Ronzi, Malibran, Camporese, Lablache, Zucchelli, De Begnis, Santini, Rubini, and Donzelli, we never again desire to hear the "Original German."

## THEATRICALS

## HAYMARKET THEATRE.

'A Duel in Richelieu's Time' is a translation, by Miss Boaden, of a French piece called 'Un Duel sous le Cardinal de Richelieu'; whether it is a free one, or, as literal as the translation of the title, we, knowing nothing of the original, cannot determine. We have, therefore, only to speak of the English version as we find it. *Marie de Rohan Montbazon* (Miss Taylor) has been married to her second husband the *Duc de Chevreuse* (Mr. Cooper) two years, but the match has been kept secret through fear of Richelieu, who wished the fair widow to become the bride of his nephew. This nephew, at the commencement of the drama, has just fallen in a duel with the *Duc de Chevreuse*, who is arrested and likely to answer for his offence with his life. *Mons. de Chalais* (Mr. Vining), the favourite of the Queen of Louis XIII., who has long loved the Duchess, ignorant of her second marriage, is solicited by her to plead in favour of the Duke, and learns at the same time two secrets—the first, her real situation—and the second, her preference of himself, her union with the Duke having been effected by the persuasion of her friends only. De Chalais flies to the King and obtains not only the Duke's pardon, but the disgrace of the Cardinal, and, moreover, by the influence of the Queen, is himself appointed Prime Minister. A quarrel with a fighting Abbé, immediately previous to his appointment, is to be settled by the sword at six o'clock the next morning, and the new premier disdains taking advantage of his unexpected elevation. He even makes out a passport

for the Abbé in case of fatal consequences to himself; while occupied in doing which he is disturbed by the arrival of the Duchess masked and cloaked, bringing him the alarming news of the weak King's sudden reconciliation with the Cardinal, who has accused De Chalais of conspiring with the Queen to place the Duke of Orleans on the throne. De Chevreuse having volunteered to second De Chalais in his duel with the Abbé, arrives immediately afterwards, and the conscious Duchess, instead of making the danger of their friend the excuse of her visit, is hurried into an adjoining cabinet. De Chevreuse picks up her mask, and unsuspectingly joking De Chalais respecting his amour, and being ignorant of the return of Richelieu to office, offers to wait without the leisure of De Chalais. The agitation and agony of the Duchess detain De Chalais beyond the hour of the appointment, and the Duke impatiently seeks the Abbé alone, and is wounded in defence of his friend. On his return to his hotel he learns the danger of De Chalais, and assists him to escape, but not before the Duchess has, in a private interview, agreed to join the fugitive at the Porte St. Paul in an hour's time. An officer arrives with a packet for the Duke from the Cardinal. It contains an avowal of De Chalais's love for the Duchess, and evidence of her encouragement of his passion, discovered among his papers. The Duke dismisses the officer, and summons his wife before him. He taxes her with her falsehood, and discovering, from her agitation, that he has prevented her keeping some appointment, immediately anticipates the return of De Chalais, and a most powerful situation occurs, in which both Duke and Duchess watch, with opposite feelings, but equal agony, for the shadow or the step of the unsuspecting criminal. His sudden appearance in the door-way electrified the house, and we almost screamed with the Duchess. The Duke places a pistol in the hand of the astonished and conscience-stricken De Chalais, and, seizing another himself, hurries him into an adjoining room. The frantic Duchess vainly strives to force the bolted door. The guards of the Cardinal arrive to arrest the denounced victim. A shot is heard, and the Duke re-entering, directs them where to find the body of the self-destroyed De Chalais.—This drama was perfectly and deservedly successful, at which we sincerely rejoice, for the lady's sake, and should also for the manager's, did we think it would do much for his treasury, but of this we doubt. The Haymarket is not the stage for tragedy or tragic dramas; and we regret that Miss Boaden did not reserve her work for Drury Lane or Covent Garden, where its elements would have been in their element; but the manager seems determined to snow brown, whether he can snow white or not, and therefore must not complain of French ballets or German operas. If he would not be forced to weep himself, he must make his audiences laugh. Mr. Cooper was very energetic, and Mr. Vining, though out of his best line, played with much feeling and good sense. Mr. Webster was not quite at home in the Abbé, but the character is too French for almost any Englishman. That unfortunate word, too, "Monsieur," suffered almost more than its usual portion of tortures. It was Mounseered, Musseered, Mooshooded, and Mousued, until we wished it endowed with vitality, that it might have thrown up its letters of naturalization, and fled the country. The scenery was as ordinary; but there was a decided improvement in the dresses, which were really correct and creditable. May we flatter ourselves with the hope, that the manager is about to make a bonfire in honour of reform, with his old wardrobes: and can we persuade him to wrap his painters up in some of their own scenes, and lay them carefully on the top of it?

Miss Taylor acted almost everything well, but spoke little or nothing so. It grieves us to say this, but truth demands it. It grieves us the more, because we were among her earliest and warmest admirers—and the less, because we are convinced that the remedy is within her own power. She has contracted habits of imitation and indistinctness, which will be ruinous to her if not speedily laid aside. Her first appearance at Covent Garden was the best first appearance we ever witnessed; her acting was easy, graceful, and artless—her speaking natural—why may we not hear the same voice now? The audience were unanimously with her and with us—many of them have since changed their opinion. It would be easy for her to call them back—nothing is wanted but the absence of effort.

## FRENCH PLAYS—COVENT GARDEN.

PURBLIND people will continue to assert, that the taste for theatricals has declined in London, when they have only to open their eyes in order to see, that whenever there is anything really good at any theatre, large or small, that theatre is sure to be well attended. We speak, of course, of good things produced in a good style, and not of things good in themselves, but spoiled in the representation, through the stinginess or ignorance of managers. Covent Garden was some time since at so low an ebb, that it was about to shut its doors. A play of real merit, well acted, was brought out, and all went triumphantly to the close of an extended season. The manager of the King's Theatre gives a succession of milk and water Italian Operas, and nobody cares to see them. Sterling German Operas are produced in a style worthy of them, and the house is crammed each night. Other instances might be adduced from the minor theatres, but the facts are as well known to those who will not acknowledge them, as to those who do. But "revenons à nos moutons." A full and fashionable audience graced this house on Thursday evening, to gaze at the Stars (would that they were fixed ones!) which M. Laporte has had the good taste to import from Paris—to witness the junctions of Molière and Mars, Terpsichore and Taglioni. All present were delighted, and all, who can, will go again—and why? Simply because the exertions of these two "artistes," each the undisputed Queen of her line, carry conviction with them; and people have no occasion to read the papers next day, to know whether or not they were delighted. Madlle. Mars, we rejoice to say, appears to be in capital health. She has, perhaps, less activity of body than formerly, but this is one of the sins which time has to answer for—all else is as it was—and her admirers, (that is to say, the audience, for the terms are synonymous,) had the gratification of contemplating, in their wonted perfection, her grace, her ease, her self-possession, her mind, her —, (we would go on with as many *hers* as are to be found in a catalogue of German subscribers;) but we would be understood to mean her *everything* that is wanted to form the complete lady, and the complete actress. It is difficult, and, indeed, almost presumptuous, to select particular points for praise, from a performance which is incapable of improvement; but we must call the attention of those who have not yet seen Madlle. Mars in the part of *Célimène*, to her delivery of the speech in the fifth scene of the third act, where she retorts upon *Arsinoë*—beginning

"Madame, j'ai beaucoup de grace à vous rendre."

and to her last exit, after being refused by *Aleste*. She has no reply to make to the brutal speech in which he finally refuses her. The workings of her mind have to be expressed by action alone—and they were expressed so, that nobody could mistake them. There was a positive excellence in her courtesy which words could

scarcely have been found to equal, and we felt particularly grateful for that expressive little toss of the hand, after her back was turned upon him for ever, which convinced us that she fully estimated his unworthiness.

In the little after-piece, 'La Jeune Femme Colère,' from which our 'Day after the Wedding' is taken, Madlle. Mars was again perfection; but we could use a quarter of a hundred of pens in her praise, and shall, therefore, conclude with an earnest entreaty to all our actresses, who profess or are about to profess genteel comedy, to see her again and again, assuring them that their best chance of getting on is to learn of her to stand still.

If it be good to learn of Madlle. Mars to stand still, it is equally so to learn of Madlle. Taglioni to move. Talking with the fingers has long been in use, but it remained for this intellectual dancer to invent a language for the feet. The limbs, which other people use for walking, she applies to the purposes of talking; the old joke of calling legs understandings, ceases to be a joke when applied to her—there is a soul in her sole—and more point in her toes than in most people's conversation. Report says, that this exquisite creature is about to be married, and we greatly fear that report is for once not a liar. We know not who her intended husband is, but if he means to take her off the stage, we would think no more of shooting him than of shooting a mad dog; she has no right to be wedded except to her profession.

Mons. Paul Taglioni is a very excellent dancer, and so is his wife, and so is Mons. Theodore; but we began with the Taglioni, and cannot keep working at anti-climax.

HOOD, POOLE, AND GEORGE COLMAN,  
VERSUS

*The Comic Magazine and its Advertisements.*

Early in the week, we received a letter from the editor of the 'Comic Magazine,' explanatory of the "double dealing" charged by Mr. Hood against his advertisements. This letter was in many points objectionable, and we wrote immediately, to say, that unless we were at liberty to make such omissions as would confine his reply to an explanation, it could not be inserted. The editor, it appears, is out of town, and from his answer just received, it is clear that he has not been correctly informed of the nature of our objections. We must, therefore, exercise our best discretion. The following is a copy of the letter:—

"Monday 9th July, 1832.  
"12, Staples Inn.

"Sir,—You have in the last number of the *Athenæum*, given insertion to a letter from Mr. Hood, in which he thinks proper to assert, that in announcing negotiations to be pending with him, the proprietors of the 'Comic Magazine' have been guilty of double dealing.

"The fact is simply this: Mr. Hood was applied to for an article for the 'Comic Magazine,' but he did not think proper to \* \* \* return an answer to the overture. It was naturally supposed that he had not made up his mind in what way he should reply, and the proprietors having opened a negotiation with him, merely expressed a hope that it would be brought to a satisfactory conclusion. \* \* \*

"I must request on behalf of the proprietors of the 'Comic Magazine,' to know the meaning of an expression in the last paragraph of Mr. Hood's letter—he says 'it would not suit me to write for them, even if they offered—they will understand me—to post the coin, Poole measure.' Mr. H. has calculated too much on the proprietors' powers of understanding, \* \* \* and I therefore call upon him to divest his language of its present elegant ambiguity, and state publicly what is intended by his innuendo. \* \* \*

"I am, Sir, yours most obediently,

"G. A. A BECKETT,  
"Editor of the *Comic Magazine*."

We leave all comment on Mr. G. A. A Beckett's simple fact to our readers; and the following letter, from Mr. Poole himself, will perhaps be allowed to serve as an explanation of Mr. Hood's "ambiguity":—

Tuesday, 10th July 1832.

"Dear Mr. Editor.—In an advertisement which appears in the *Athenæum* of last Saturday, I am accused of being retained—'Ods, blunderbusses! retained' was the word!—as a contributor to the 'Comic Magazine.' The renowned Captain Macheath exclaims,

O cruel, cruel case!  
Must I suffer this disgrace?

As the gallant Captain's is merely a case of hanging, I think he indulges in a strain of complaint altogether unbecoming so great a man; and one which is, at the same time, immoderately disproportioned to the trifling nature of the accident he contemplates. But I am accused of being 'retained' in the manner I have stated, and am pilloried (as it were) in certain advertisements as if such were the fact: I may, therefore, with much better show of reason than the Captain, say or sing 'O cruel, cruel, &c.'

"Now, dear Mr. Editor, I won't 'suffer this disgrace,' and why should I, when I can relieve myself from it by a flat contradiction of the charge? Neither am I retained by, nor have I the most remote intention of contributing to, the work in question. I do, indeed, plead guilty to one single transaction with the 'editor,' or the 'sub-editor,' or the 'editor's friend,' or the 'gentleman authorized,' or the 'gentleman not authorized'—(I really cannot say which, though, doubtless, the multifarious person alluded to 'will understand me')—but as this was my first, and shall most certainly be my only offence of the kind, I offer in its attestation, my youth, and my inexperience in the ways of this wicked world: begging leave to add that I regret, and am sincerely sorry for, what I have done. "I remain, very faithfully yours,

"JOHN POOLE.

"P.S.—Would the gentlemen of the 'Comic Magazine' take it as too serious a joke if you were to ask them, how many of the names which they have dragged into their advertisements they have the slightest possible authority for promising to our good-natured and unsuspecting friend PUBLIC, as contributors to their work?"

We have since received the following communication on the same subject from Mr. Colman:—

"Thursday, 12th July, 1832.  
"Brompton Square.

"Sir,—There is a person, I am told, who announces, by advertisement in your paper, that he is in treaty with me to write in his 'Comic Magazine,' which is all I know, or wish to know, about him.

"Oblige me by stating to your readers, that this Comic Gentleman has never treated with me,—and certainly I shall never treat with him.

I am, Sir,  
"Your obedient humble servant,  
"GEORGE COLMAN."

#### MISCELLANEA

*Sir Thomas Gresham.*—The commemoration of the illustrious founder of Gresham College, took place on Thursday last at the Church of St. Helen's, Bishopgate, where this "Royal Merchant" lies entombed. There was a good selection of sacred music performed on the occasion, amongst which was the 'Jubilate Deo' of Mr. Hart, which gained the prize medal. The Rev. W. M. Blencowe delivered an impres-

sive sermon upon the character of the founder. After the service, many of the friends to the preservation of Crosby Hall, repaired to that fine building, and were again gratified by some fine music, sung by Messrs. Vaughan, Atkins, and Novello, and other good voices. We are happy to hear that the subscription for the preservation is going on prosperously.

*Siberia.*—A Berlin letter of the 21st of June mentions, that Dr. Lessing, a great-nephew of the celebrated German writer, was about to proceed on a scientific excursion through this unexplored region, assisted by an annual grant of a thousand roubles, so long as he should be absent.

*The Egyptian Sphinxes.*—The Ipsarist brig, *Buona Speranza*, which is the first Greek vessel that has entered the Baltic, has arrived at Cronstadt, having on board two colossal sphinxes of granite, as a present from the Pasha of Egypt to the Russian Autocrat.

*Pulpit Bull.*—"Remember, I beseech you, that we are all sailing down the stream of time, and must inevitably land, at last, in the great ocean of eternity."

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W. & Mon.	Thermom. (Max. Min.)	Baromet. (Mean.)	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 5	85 51	29.95	N.W.	Clear.
Fr. 6	75 51	Stat. S.	Shrs. r.m.	
Sat. 7	75 51	29.55	W.	Cloudy.
Sun. 8	71 57	29.65	S.W.	Ditto.
Mon. 9	71 57	29.75	S.W.	Clear.
Tues. 10	73 57	Stat. S.W.	Cloudy.	
Wed. 11	74 55	29.61	W. to S.W.	Ditto.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

*Forthcoming.*—We are informed, that Dr. Bowring has made great progress in the preparation of the Autobiography of Jeremy Bentham for press, and that the volumes will contain copious extracts from his Correspondence, with the most eminent men of the age, with the Opinions of the great Utilitarian Philosopher, both as to the persons, events, and publications which have most excited the public attention in the last half century.

Mr. Keightley, author of *Mythology*, *Outlines of History*, &c. is preparing for publication a translation of Butenau's celebrated Greek Grammar.

A Memoir by the late Major Rennell to accompany his Charts on the Prevalent Currents of the Atlantic Ocean.

A Historical View of the Principal Councils of the Primitive Church, by the Rev. J. H. Newman, M.A.

The Law and Practice of Elections, (for England and Wales) as altered by the Reform Act, &c. by Charles F. F. Wordsworth, Esq.

The Law and Practice of Elections for Scotland.

The Law and Practice of Elections for Ireland.

Just published.—Rogers's Reform Act, 12mo. 5s. 6d.

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.. Ditto ..	.. 15 ..	.. 329 19 2
.. Ditto ..	.. 20 ..	.. 414 11 8
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